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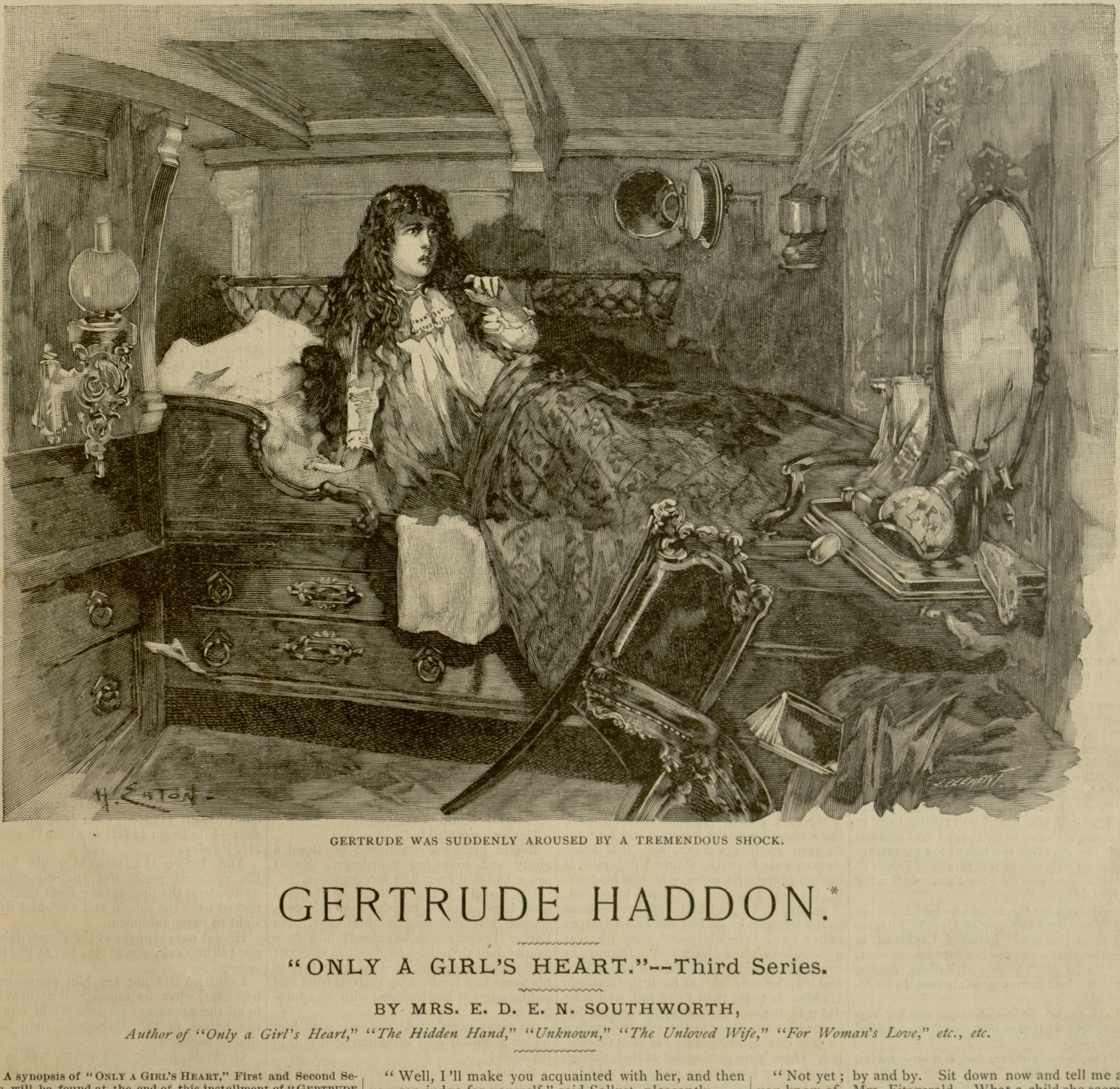

GERTRUDE WAS SUDDENLY AROUSED BY A TREMENDOUS SHOCK.

GERTRUDE HADDON.*

"ONLY A GIRL'S HEART."--Third Series.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Only a Girl's Heart," "The Hidden Hand," "Unknown," "The Unloved Wife," "For Woman's Love," etc., etc.

A synopsis of "Only a Girl's Heart," First and Second Series, will be found at the end of this installment of "Gertrude Haddon." See page 3.

CHAPTER I.

LACKLAND.

"GERTRUDE HADDON!" had been the exclamation of Adam Lackland, on hearing the name of the young lady whose sudden appearance on the deck of the ship had so startled him.

"'Gertrude Haddon!' Why, yes," exclaimed Sallust Rowley, looking on his fellow-passenger in amazement. "Gertrude Haddon that *was*, or Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald that *is!* What is there in all that to astonish you so much? Did you ever happen to know the little lady? If so, of course you will be glad to *renew* your acquaintance; if not, I shall be happy to introduce you, and, no doubt, you will be happy to *make* the acquaintance."

"Thanks. No, I never knew this lady. She strongly resembles one I once knew. That is all. She may be a near relative. Indeed, it is quite likely," said Adam Lackland, recovering himself with some effort.

"Well, I'll make you acquainted with her, and then you can judge for yourself," said Sallust, pleasantly.

But he had no opportunity of keeping his word just then, for Gertrude, seeing her escort in earnest conversation with a stranger, had just nodded to him in passing and gone on to the stern of the ship, where a group of women and children were gathered.

The eyes of Adam Lackland followed her.

"You said her name was Fitzgerald, formerly Haddon. Both names belong to Wilde County. Does she come from that part of the country?" inquired Lackland.

"Yes! She was the adopted daughter of Gabriel Haddon of Haddon's Ferry, above Wildeville."

"Gabriel Haddon!" exclaimed Lackland.

"Yes, man! What is the matter with you? We are not rehearsing private theatricals for the amusement of the second-cabin passengers, are we?" demanded Sallust in a tone that recalled Lackland to a sense of the situation. He controlled his emotion and answered:

"No, but the young lady strongly resembles one I loved and lost many years ago in the neighborhood of Haddon's Ferry. Would you mind telling me all you know of her?"

"Why, I will introduce you if you say so, and then you will have time enough in the next ten days to get acquainted with her," said Sallust, cordially.

"Not yet; by and by. Sit down now and tell me all you know of—Mrs. Fitzgerald. What a child she seems, to bear a matron's title," said Lackland, as he dropped in a seat on the bench that ran along the starboard bulwarks.

"Yes, she must be quite young," said Sallust as he sank into his seat. "Not more than seventeen."

"'Seventeen!'" echoed Lackland.

Sallust turned and gave him a look, not of approbation, saying:

"Come now, no more of that, old fellow. You startle a body."

"It is seventeen years ago since I lost the one whom she so strongly resembles! But go on," said Lackland in a low voice.

Sallust Rowley then commenced, and in a few brief words told all he had heard of the story of Gertrude.

He spoke of the great flood in the valley of the Wilde River on the night of the 15th of July, more than seventeen years before; of the party of travellers who halted on the opposite shore of the Wilde and hailed the ferry-boats to be taken over; of the utter impossibility of bringing them across in so terrible a storm; of the morning after the flood, when the sun rose upon a lake where it had set upon a valley, the Wilde River having risen and overflowed its banks, covering all the ground of the narrow vale between the two ranges of mountains.

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He told how then a child was found, fast asleep in its cradle, floated high and dry upon the flood and landed safe among the water-lilies at the foot of Gabriel Haddon's garden ; how the old ferryman had taken the child, adopted her and brought her up as his own ; how he had given her a first-class education as far as belles-lettres, science and languages went but no accomplishments.

“ Stop ! For Heaven's sake, stop !” exclaimed Lackland at this point of the narrative. “ Was no clew found to the parents of this child ?”

“ No, none at all. It was at first supposed that she was the child of a woman who was rescued from the river at Wildeville and resuscitated ; but the woman denied all connection with her ; and then it was supposed that she belonged to the party of travellers who hailed the ferry on the night of the flood and failed to get across ; but no one could say for a certainty, because they were never heard of afterward and must have been swept away down the river.”

“ Were no dead bodies recovered, then ?”

“ Yes, many, but they were all people known in the neighborhood. But many were drowned whose bodies were never recovered, and must have been carried off, Lord only knows how far down the river.”

“ And the old ferryman brought her up as his own daughter ?”

“ And educated her—yes. And when he died he left her all his property. A very good property now, but if the new railroad crosses there it will be an immense fortune, for a town will certainly gather around the depot which will be at Haddon's Ferry. However, *she* doesn't need any more fortune than she has got, for she is married to Fitzgerald of the Summit, and he belongs to one of the wealthiest as well as one of the oldest families in the State.”

“ Then she is the wife of our friend, Colonel Gerald Fitzgerald ?”

“ Yes, of course. Didn't I tell you so ?”

“ You did. It is very strange ! Can it be possible that— But, no—a mere coincidence ! Some relationship, perhaps—everybody is related to everybody else in Wilde County,” murmured the backwoodsman to himself.

“ What in thunder are you muttering about, Lackland ? Talking to the devil, as my old nurse used to say when she caught any one talking to himself ?”

“ A bad habit of thinking aloud, that I contracted in the silent solitude of the Western plains, where one must hear his own voice or grow deaf and dumb for want of practice,” answered Lackland.

“ A very bad habit to import into civilized society, Lackland, old fellow ! You ought to have left it off with your bear-skins. People will take you for a lunatic if you practice it here. Come, now. Shall I introduce you to Mrs. Fitzgerald ?”

“ No, not yet. Tell me, first, where is her husband ? How comes it that she is here alone, or only under your protection ?”

“ Why, good gracious, I did tell you !”

“ I beg pardon, you mistake.”

“ Well, I am sure that I thought I did ! Didn't I tell you that I was taking back to America a young lady whom I had rescued from the sea after the loss of the steamship *Messenger* by fire in the Straits of Dover ?”

“ Oh, yes, you told me that. Is this the lady you saved ?”

“ To be sure she is—who else ?”

“ You saved the wife of Gerald Fitzgerald from the sea ?” inquired Lackland, in surprise that was growing into amazement.

“ Yes, I did,” answered Sallust, feeling as if he had some good reason to be offended.

“ Then, where in the deuce was her husband, and what was he doing ?” demanded Lackland.

“ Oh, he was there, too, but busy saving another woman.”

“ This needs explanation,” said Lackland, frowning.

“ So I thought myself, and so she explained it to me. She says that Fitzgerald knew she could swim, and knew that the other woman could not, and must perish without his help ; so he left Gertrude to keep herself up until he should have put the other woman into the relief-boat, after which he meant to return for his wife.”

“ Did he do so ?”

“ Well, no ; there was no time. She went down immediately ; and, if I hadn't seen it all and swum to the spot and dived for her and brought her up, she would have been drowned certainly. I managed to support her until we were picked up by a fishing-smack and taken to St. Margaret's Bay, where there is a little fishing village. There she recovered. But she and myself were both supposed to be dead, for in the very next day's copy of the *Times* I read our names in the list of the lost.”

“ That was pleasant.”

“ Wasn't it, now ? Well, Mrs. Fitzgerald, as soon as she came to herself, was anxious to follow her husband ; but as we had both lost everything we had on board of the *Messenger*, and we were sheltered only by a poor fisherman's family, we had to wait until I could get some conveyance for us to Dover, and communicate with our consul, who cashed my check on my London bankers, and so gave me the means of taking Mrs. Fitzgerald to London. There we were all right ; for we had read in the papers that the survivors of the *Messenger* had been taken on board the *Mary Jane*, bound from Havre to London, and we had seen Colonel Fitzgerald's name among the saved. Mrs. Fitzgerald knew that she could hear of the colonel at the lodgings of a clergyman who had been their neighbor and friend in Wilde County, and who was then staying in lodgings in Holland Street, Cavendish Square. So, on reaching London, we went directly to Doctor Goodwin's lodgings ; but, bless you, they had gone—that is, the colonel and the doctor—and upon further inquiry we found that they had both sailed in the *Asia* from Liverpool, bound to New York, on that very morning.”

“ This must have been a terrible disappointment to the lady.”

“ I believe you. She 's a brick, a regular brick ! But it liked to have done for her. However, that wasn't the worst of it. We were told that if we could take the Irish mail to Holyhead we might overtake them at Queenstown.”

“ Well, and why didn't you ?”

“ Because we missed the train, and in missing that, missed the very last chance.”

“ But that was very careless.”

“ No, it wasn't. As soon as we heard the news at the shipping-office we got in a cab and paid the driver to drive at a breakneck speed to Euston Square, where we arrived just five minutes too late for the Irish mail.”

“ I wonder this second disappointment had not overwhelmed madam.”

“ So do I ; but she 's a brick, as I told you ! A regular brick ! Well, the next best thing we could do was to try to get berths in the next steamer, this one. We could not get them in the first cabin at any price, but we could get them here in the second cabin, so that is the reason why we are here, and a lady of Mrs. Fitzgerald's rank finds herself in such an humble position.”

“ Then Colonel Fitzgerald knows nothing of his wife's rescue ?”

“ Nothing at all. He must believe her to be drowned, especially as he must have seen her name, as well as mine, in the list of the dead.”

“ Certainly.”

“ I don't envy his feelings, I pledge you my word. Sorrow is hard enough to bear, but when sorrow is embittered by remorse, it becomes unbearable.”

“ I should like to be a looker-on at their approaching meeting. What a shock of joy it will give him.”

“ I don't know that,” said Sallust.

“ How ? You don't know ?” exclaimed Lackland.

“ No, I don't. You see he *did* leave her struggling in the water, while he went to save another woman, and that other woman was Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, a beauty of the first water, who was his cousin, his first love and his long betrothed. A queen, sir ! And he loved her as hard as a horse can kick. But she had a temper of her own. Whew ! Hadn't she ? She was gun-cotton—nitro-glycerine ! Inguns, as the negroes say. And she led him a life ! But why he ever left her for little Gertrude Haddon is more than I can tell, unless he did it in anger. However, you see he left Gertrude struggling in the sea, and rushed to save Geraldine, and he *did* save Geraldine. There 's no getting out of that, though I don't envy his feeling now, as I said before, for he must have the conscience of a traitor and a murderer.”

“ Then, of course, he will feel greatly relieved when he finds that the wife he left to die is alive and will be deeply grateful to you for having saved her.”

“ I tell you I am not so sure of that. If remorse were repentance, he might. But remorse is not always repentance. For, mind you, this young lady, this Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, this first love of his, is the companion of his voyage home.”

“ Oh !”

“ Yes, indeed. The young lady, no doubt, goes over ostensibly under the protection of the venerable minister, the Rev. Dr. Goodwin ; but, really, now, you know that 's bosh. She chooses to go over because Gerald is going and because Gerald is a widower (as she supposes). Now you know ‘ old coals are soon kindled,’ as the old saying says. ‘ Heap o' sense in dem old sayings,’ as my old friend Jessie used to remark. And, now, if Gerald Fitzgerald's humble little wife should unexpectedly come to life, just as those same old coals are kindled into a bright blaze, it will sort o' throw cold water on them, wouldn't it ?” inquired Sallust.

“ I cannot believe my honored friend Fitzgerald could so soon forget his lovely wife, especially if he has any cause of self-reproach for his abandonment of her ; but I am inclined to take the same view of his conduct that his young wife took, and she must know him much better than we do. I am inclined to think that he never meant to abandon her, but only to rescue her more helpless companion in peril, and then to come after her. He probably felt convinced that she could keep herself up until his return from placing his cousin in the boat. In any case, he must suffer, however, if not remorse for a crime, at least profound regret for a fatal mistake ; and so, when he discovers that his wife, whom he supposed to be dead, is really living and that you have been her preserver, his soul will be filled with joy and gratitude,” said Lackland, earnestly.

“ Well, maybe so. Shall I introduce you to Mrs. Fitzgerald now, Lackland ?” inquired Sallust.

“ If you please,” replied the elder man.

Both rose from their seats and went on toward the forward deck, where Gertrude stood gazing out upon the sea, her dark head still wrapped in the fleecy white “ cloud ” and her drapery blown behind by the fresh wind, which was dead ahead.

But before they reached there, Gertrude, folding her cloak more closely around her, turned and left the deck and disappeared within her state-room.

“ Ah ! I suppose she found it too fresh up here this February day, even for her vigorous constitution. But never mind. She will be at dinner, and we will sit at the same table, and you can become acquainted with her,” said Sallust, as he bowed and walked away from his newly recovered acquaintance.

Adam Lackland found himself the only man on deck with the exception of the ship's hands whose duties kept them there. The sharp, cold wind had driven every passenger into the cabin.

Lackland, left to himself, walked up and down the deck in a thoughtful and sorrowful mood.

The sudden sight of the young creature who bore so vivid a resemblance to her whom he had loved and lost so long ago recalled too painfully his vanished youth and forfeited joys.

As he walked slowly back and forth, with his head bowed upon his chest and his hands clasped behind his back, he reviewed his own wasted life—his froward boyhood, that neither parents nor teachers could train ; his wild youth, that neither pastors nor masters could tame ; his reckless manhood, that even sorrow could not discipline, and now his decline of life stained with crime—with blood-guiltiness !

Yes, the jury had acquitted him of murder, in having rid the world of a vile destroyer of innocence, and the judge had discharged him, a free and vindicated man, and public opinion had endorsed and approved the action of the court.

But his own soul ?

Before his own conscience he stood a guilty and convicted murderer. Sweet peace had fled from him forever more.

No earthly judge could have inflicted upon him a severer penalty than his conscience was inflicting on him now. No Divine Judge could have sent him to a deeper hell than he had dwelt in since he had committed that deed which a jury of his peers had justified by their verdict and public opinion had honored with its approbation.

So many people had congratulated him on his acquittal and complimented him in his deed !

So many people had heartily shaken his homicidal hand, and said to him :

“ You did right to take the law in your own hand, Lackland, and we honor you for doing it ! If other good men were like you, these base invaders of domestic peace would soon be exterminated from the earth ! You did right to slay the wretch where you found him !”

Ah, but this taking the law into his own hands had caused him to fall crushed under the mightier law of the soul ! In slaying his enemy he had slain his own peace, and he must suffer, let the world applaud as it might.

His youth had been tarnished by folly. His manhood had been darkened by the deepest sorrow. But the iron had not entered his soul until his age was stained with crime cursed with remorse.

Little of this inward anguish did the outside world see. Adam Lackland had always been a grave man ; now perhaps he seemed somewhat graver than before. That was all that appeared to those who saw and conversed with him.

To-day another subject of anxiety divided with his remorse the task of torturing him —his meeting with Gertrude Fitzgerald.

Who was she ?

She seemed the express image of his own fair young wife, who went down in all her youth and beauty in that fearful flood of the Wilde some seventeen years before. And she had been found floating in her cradle among the water-lilies. Could she, by any possibility, be the child whom he always had believed to have been drowned with her mother ? No ! When he recalled the scene and circumstances of that awful catastrophe, that unequaled disaster, he felt that nothing short of a miracle could have rescued his child from death.

Yet no one knew who Gertrude really was. Nor could it possibly be known now, after all these years, in which investigation had failed to trace her parentage. Or, if it could be known—if she could be proved to be his daughter—what good could come to her from that ? As the child of her mother, she would be the heiress of half Wilde County, to be sure ! As the child of her father, she would inherit nothing but—

He shuddered and groaned.

The gong for dinner recalled him to outward life.

He turned toward the saloon of the second cabin, not that he wished to dine, but that he wished to meet again that face which haunted his memory like a resurrection of the dead past.

He found Sallust Rowley standing at the foot of one of the small tables, and noticed that he had taken two places, one on the right and one on the left of his own seat.

“ Come, Lackland, I have secured three seats together for our party !” exclaimed the young man, on seeing his fellow-passenger enter.

“ Where is Mrs. Fitzgerald ?” inquired Lackland.

“ Oh, I 'm looking for her every instant ! See, there is nobody here yet but ourselves and two or three other men,” said Sallust.

“ But perhaps she does not like to grope her way about the ship alone, especially as it is now rolling so heavily,” observed Lackland.

“ That 's so,” assented Sallust. “ I 'll go and knock at her state-room door, and if she is ready, I will fetch her. It is horridly rough, and getting rougher. I shouldn't wonder if we have some dirty weather before we get to Queenstown,” he added, as he staggered to his feet and reeled off toward the state-rooms.

Lackland sat down and waited for his return with Gertrude.

Meanwhile the saloon began to fill with other passengers—all men—who took their places at the various little tables.

In about ten minutes Sallust returned, alone, reeled up to the table and fell into his seat.

“ Where is Mrs. Fitzgerald ?” inquired Lackland the second time.

“ In her berth—seasick,” answered Sallust, sententiously. “ Steward ! Here ! Give me a glass of brandy ! Quick ! Don't believe me to be a habitual toper, Lackland, because, indeed, I am not ; but—oh, dear—I do begin to feel so queer !” added Mr. Rowley.

And before the steward could bring the required restorative, Sallust turned white about the lips, sprang from his seat, rushed from the saloon and vanished from sight to parts unknown.

He did not reappear at the dinner-table, nor yet on deck, nor at tea, nor at the late supper.

Lackland did not see him again until bed-time, when he found Sallust heaving in all the agonies of seasickness in one of the berths of the stateroom they both shared together.

Gertrude, in her own room, was in no better condition of body, though in a much more patient frame of mind.

She was carefully attended by the stewardess, who was won to the service no less by the gentleness of her manner than by the liberality of her hand.

The *Zanzibar* had a bad night of it in the Channel. The wind blew a gale ; the waves rolled “ mountains ” high ; the ship tossed like a shell ; the passengers all grew deadly sick.

But their troubles ended with that rough night.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ICE.

Sunrise found the *Zanzibar* anchored in the beautiful Cove of Cork.

The sudden stopping of the ship awoke Gertrude from the stupefied sleep into which she had been rocked after her last exhausting paroxysm of illness.

Feeling quite relieved and refreshed, she sat up in her berth and pushed aside the slide that covered her port-window, and looking out, she recognized the lovely scene which had so excited her admiration when she had first beheld it from the deck of the ship, in company of her husband.

At the sight, a feeling of sorrow and impatience passed over her, to think that he was no longer by her side and that so many days must pass before she could rejoin him.

She did not cherish sad thoughts. In Gertrude's Christian creed hope is, indeed, a cardinal virtue and cheerfulness a Christian duty.

She knelt to offer up her daily worship of thanksgiving and prayer.

Then she arose and washed and dressed herself, tied a zephyr wool-white cloud over her head, wrapped a warm sea-shawl around her shoulders and went up on deck.

There were very few passengers to be seen there. Very few possessed the reactive elasticity of our healthy little Gertrude's organization; and though the victims of seasickness were relieved by the stopping of the ship's motion from the acute symptoms of their disorder, they were too much prostrated to leave their berths at so early an hour.

Sallust Rowley was there, however; and on seeing Gertrude, he hastened to meet her at the head of the companion-ladder.

"Good morning!" he said cheerily, as he offered her his arm. "I hope you have quite recovered from your seasickness."

"Quite, thanks. And you?"

"Oh, I 'm as right as a trivet! Glorious scene this! But you 've been here before?" he observed, as he drew her hand under his arm and led her forward to look out upon the harbor, with its forest of shipping, its distant town and its surrounding hills.

"Oh, yes, of course, when we first came over," answered Gertrude, as she bowed and withdrew her arm, and stood leaning over the bulwarks and looking out upon the scene, of which she thought she never could tire.

"Of course. By the way, Cousin Gertrude, you saw me speaking with an elderly cove on deck yesterday, didn't you?" he asked.

"I observed you in conversation with a fine-looking old man, who reminded me of Colonel Fitzgerald," answered Gertrude, quietly.

"Well, now, there certainly is a likeness and no mistake. Who do you think he was?"

"I am sure I cannot think."

"Guess."

"Oh, I cannot guess."

"Well, he was Lackland, the man who was tried for his life about two years ago for the killing of Buckhurst."

Gertrude's dark eyes contracted with pain and horror, and she visibly shrank from the speaker.

"Oh, it isn't catching! It can't be carried in the clothes. You needn't draw off in alarm," said Sallust, laughing.

"I am very sorry for that man, Sallust. I did see, even in the casual view I got of his face, that he had some deep sorrow, and now I know what it is. I am very sorry for him," said Gertrude, sadly.

"Bosh! I beg your pardon, I mean bother!—that is, I mean that there is no need to pity Mr. Lackland. He has been honorably acquitted by a jury of his peers, and more than vindicated by the opinion of the world," exclaimed Sallust.

"The jury may acquit him, the world may vindicate him, but that man will never vindicate, will never acquit himself. Yes, heaven may pardon him, but he will never forgive himself—not in this world, at least—not if I have read his eyes aright!" said Gertrude, solemnly.

"Maybe that *is* what 's the matter with him. I wonder how a fellow does feel after wiping out a human being," mused Sallust. Then rousing himself he exclaimed: "Well, here he is on deck, anyhow, and coming right toward us. Will you let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly, if he wishes you to do so," answered the little lady, her compassion subduing the repugnance she felt to meeting even a vindicated homicide.

By this time Lackland came up and stood before them.

Gertrude lifted her eyes to the dark face, framed in with the full, long, curling, iron-gray hair and beard, and met the large, dark, suffering eyes bent sorrowfully on hers, and all her repugnance melted away and compassion only filled her heart.

"Good-morning, Lackland," said Sallust, heartily. Then, turning to his companion, he added, formally (and the flippant Mr. Rowley was very formal indeed when he was formal at all): "Mrs. Fitzgerald, permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Lackland of—of—of—" Sallust paused and looked at his friend for help.

"'Lackland of Nowhere,'" said the latter with a smile that was sadder than a tear. "Is not that a perfectly consistent name and title for a homeless wanderer, Mrs. Fitzgerald? And to foreign ears who could not understand our language would not 'Lackland of Nowhere' sound quite as grandly as 'Rowley of Cave Court?' Or even as 'Fitzgerald of the Summit?'" Then in a graver, deeper tone he added: "I have been honored with the friendship of Colonel Fitzgerald. I feel still more honored in the acquaintance of his wife."

"I thank you, sir," said Gertrude, sweetly. "I have heard my husband speak of you with much esteem and affection."

"*That voice, too!*" murmured Lackland to himself. But Sallust trod upon his foot and pressed it to remind him that he was no longer in the "silent solitudes" of the Western plains, and there was now no necessity for his talking to himself in order to keep from growing deaf and dumb by desuetude, and so recalled him to himself before Gertrude had perceived that he was soliloquizing.

"I was with Colonel Fitzgerald a long time at Fort Invincible," said Lackland, by way of saying something to mask the confusion into which he was thrown by the face and voice of Gertrude. "Yes, I was with him altogether more than twelve months," he added.

"And you rendered him great and valuable services in his border warfare," said the little lady.

"Oh, nothing of the sort! Fifteen years of a semi-savage life on the border had made me useful as a scout. That is all," answered Lackland, in a tone of carelessness which the suffering look of his dark eyes belied.

"I am sure that Colonel Fitzgerald spoke of your services as of the utmost value to him," said Gertrude, gently, though she was obliged to drop her eyes under the sad, wistful, intense gaze he fixed upon them.

She heard the sound of the breakfast-gong with a sense of relief, even though she had to take the stranger's arm, as he offered it to lead her to the table. After breakfast, her escorts invited her to go on shore to see Queenstown and its environs.

But Gertrude declined the offer with thanks, and so the two gentlemen went on shore for a few hours, leaving her to amuse herself with books.

But Gertrude did not choose to read. She argued that she could read at any time or place, but only then and there could she watch—

> "The shadows flow from form to form—"

on the hills around the lovely Cove of Cork.

So she took some light needle-work and seated herself on the deck to knit, mechanically, as she gazed upon the scenery, and thought of three events connected with that place and with her fate; first, the day that Colonel Fitzgerald and she had sat together where she was sitting now, and gazed upon the same scene; second, the day that he sat alone; and third, this day, when she sat, solitary.

Well, well, she was on her way to him, she said, and every hour brought her nearer to the time of meeting, and soon, when the ship should sail again, she could say that every mile brought her nearer to him.

With what joy she would go to him! With what joy he would meet her, as one raised from the dead! Yes, she thought their meeting would exceed in joy every other meeting on the face of the earth, and could only be equaled in delight by those meetings in heaven when some beloved one arrives from the earth and is welcomed by the waiting lover there!

In anticipation Gertrude lived over and over this meeting.

Ah, if the vail of the future could have been raised for her then, and if she could have been permitted to see when and where and under what circumstances her next meeting with Gerald Fitzgerald would take place!

But her blissful visions made her happy now with a happiness that could never be taken from her and which did not render the coming trial any harder to bear.

Lackland and Sallust came "home" to their ship, bringing treasures of early wild flowers that even in these first March days had opened their young eyes in the genial woods and fields of the "green isle."

With laughing gallantry, they poured these treasures into the lap of Gertrude, who thanked the givers and took the gifts, and made her plain state-room gay with them.

The *Zanzibar* sailed at dusk. The wind, that had gone down during the day, arose again in the night and blew a gale. The sea roughened, and the ship rolled, and the passengers sickened again.

But this was the 1st of March, and March was coming in like a lion; so what better could be expected?

About sunrise the wind went down and rested for twelve hours.

Few of the passengers, however, appeared upon deck. The second night of seasickness had prostrated them too much.

Gertrude, who had suffered no relapse into illness, came up immediately after breakfast and passed the whole day in the open air.

On the setting of the sun, the wind rose again and grew higher and higher until midnight; then it blew a hurricane until daylight, when it lulled, so that the sun arose on the fourth morning on a calm day.

All predicted fine weather for the remainder of the voyage, and, indeed, they enjoyed it for the next three days, during which the seasick passengers all got well and came to the table with ravenous appetites, and promenaded the decks in boisterous spirits. But on the seventh day out all this was changed.

As they neared the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the wind rose in the northeast. The weather grew intensely cold.

Nearly all the men, and all the women except Gertrude, foresook the decks, and sought warmth and comfort in the cabin, where, rolled up in their thickest wraps, they huddled around the stoves.

But Gertrude, accustomed from her infancy to the bleak air of the higher Alleghanies, was not inconvenienced by the March weather on the ocean.

With her fleecy-white "cloud" over her head and her heavy sea-shawl around her shoulders, she came up on deck that morning, as usual, directly after breakfast, and took a seat behind the wheel-house, where she was sheltered from the wind.

Here she sat, with her crochet work in her hand, and knitted, while she thought that in three more days she should land in New York and then, in two more, meet her husband face to face.

And then again, perhaps for the hundredth time, she lived over, in imagination, the rapture of such a meeting. In these visions, Gertrude was in heaven.

She scarcely noticed the darkening of the sky, as the heavy clouds rolled up from the northeast and overcast the scene. Soon, the thick, white darkness, if one may use the term, overspread the whole heavens, from horizon to horizon, a thick, white darkness, in contrast to which the ocean looked a vast, effervescent sea of ink.

Then fine, snow-like sifted meal began to fall slowly.

Gertrude from her sheltered position did not feel either the wind or the snow, but watched the soft, fine, white dust sifted down upon the bosom of the sea and lost or upon the rigging, where it gathered in little drifts on the weather-side of every rope and timber, freezing as it fell.

Gertrude's hands were growing too cold to knit, so she rolled up her work and laid it away in her little covered basket, and then she put on her warm gloves, and sat and watched the increasing storm with growing interest.

Lackland and Sallust Rowley were at the opposite end of the ship, smoking and watching the weather.

Gertrude kept her post until the dinner-gong sounded; and by that time the deck was covered several inches deep, and the rigging so laden with snow that its original shape and design could not be discovered.

Mr. Lackland and Sallust Rowley both came and ranged themselves one on each side of Gertrude, the elder man saying:

"I think, my dear young lady, you must permit us both to assist you. The snow freezes as it falls, and the deck is as glass, which, with the violent rolling of the ship, makes it difficult for us to keep our feet and impossible for you to do so."

He was somewhat formally polite and verbose in speaking to women, this strange man.

Gertrude gave a hand to each, with thanks and smiles, and allowed them to lift her to her feet; and the moment she stepped off the little dry and sheltered spot where she had sat and attempted to walk the frozen, slippery and rolling deck, she found how utterly impossible it was for her to do it without assistance on both hands, and how absolutely necessary was the united support of her two body-guards.

When she reached the dinner-table, she found that the storm-stands had been put on, so that every piece of china sat in a separate little pen. And now the ship rolled so fearfully that the mere attempt to eat dinner was a feat of legerdemain or gymnastics.

When it was over, Gertrude, disliking the confined air of the cabin, made an attempt to return to the deck, but found the feat utterly impracticable. The ship was rolling with unusual violence, and the companion-way was like a staircase of glass, dangerous to climb even if stationary, but fatal in the present furious tossing of the ship. The wind was higher, the sea rougher and the snow thicker than ever. It was also growing dark, so that one could scarcely see his hand before him. The deck, besides, seemed, as far as silence and solitude indicated, to be utterly deserted by all except the men and officers engaged in working the ship.

Gertrude retreated to the cabin, where, after a little while, she bade her friends good-night and retired to her stateroom and went to bed.

"Two more days and then New York; five more and then Gerald!" she murmured blissfully as she closed her eyes.

She was startled by a voice speaking near her door.

"A pot of strong coffee for the captain! He don't leave the deck to-night," said the voice, and it passed on out of hearing.

The words did not alarm her with any suspicion of danger. She only thought that the captain must be a very vigilant and faithful officer, and she pitied him for having to pass an "arctic" night on that tempestuous deck.

Musing dreamily on the rapture of her approaching meeting with her husband, Gertrude closed her eyes.

Rocked by the rolling of the ship, lulled by the whistling of the wind, Gertrude fell asleep and slept as soundly as a child soothed to rest on its mother's bosom by its mother's song.

She slept soundly until morning, when she was suddenly roused by a tremendous shock that nearly threw her out of the berth.

Before she could collect herself or remember where she was, or think what could have happened, she felt the ship shudder through her whole frame like a human being struck with ague and then stop perfectly still, as a sound of gurgling water filled the ear.

Gertrude sat up in her berth and listened.

For a moment there was stillness and silence, broken only by that sound of gurgling waters.

Then there was the rushing-about of many feet and the mingling of many voices, but they seemed at a distance.

"What has happened?" at length cried one voice within hearing.

"What has happened?" yelled another voice in a great hurry.

"Why, the ship has struck an iceberg and stove in her bows. She 'll sink in five minutes."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 33.]

"ONLY A GIRL'S HEART," FIRST AND SECOND SERIES.

[Time: Shortly after the Mexican War. Opening place: Wilde County, in the Alleghanies. Gabriel Haddon, ferryman, while revealing to Gertrude Haddon, a fifteen-year-old girl, that she is not his grandchild but a foundling, is summoned to the death-bed of old Gen. Slaughter. During his absence, Gertrude, in response to appealing cries of "Boat!" from across the river, ferries across Sallust Rowley, and gives him shelter and food. Rowley, a lively chap of twenty, confesses that he is eluding those who are in close pursuit of him for a deed which, he stoutly asserts, is not disreputable. Gertrude turns a deaf ear to the pursuers' repeated summons. At Summit Manor, on this eventful night, the eve of her wedding-day, Geraldine Fitzgerald, with her young cousin, Patricia Fitzgerald, is impatiently awaiting the coming of her lover, Col. Gerald Fitzgerald, who has gone to Washington "on business." At early dawn, the women are startled in their vigil by the precipitate arrival of Cousin Rowley, who has been with the delinquent. Rowley does not explain the mystery of Col. Fitzgerald's absence, and hastily departs. A sheriff's posse is in close pursuit. The morning's mail brings a two-line message from Gerald imploring Geraldine's trust. But the girl feels that she has been grossly insulted and prepares to leave forever Summit Manor, the residence of her uncle, the colonel's father. Gen. Slaughter's death gives a welcome pretext for postponing the wedding. Gabriel returns home early next morning to resume the story he had begun to tell Gertrude. . . . On his fifteenth birthday, he relates, Lily Vale, the six-year-old granddaughter of Gen. Slaughter, stopped at the ferry-house to go for a sail. This encounter forged the first links of a friendship. Insensibly this ripened into love. Two months before her majority, pressed by her grandfather to favor Capt. Dulany, a suitor of his own choosing, Lily confessed her resolve to be the ferryman's wife. The general's wrath knew no bounds; and Lily, involuntarily confined to her room, suffered physical and mental tortures. Lily finally escaped, and went with Gabriel to Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, to be married. Shortly after, Gabriel, on a charge of abducting a minor, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Richmond, and his marriage was declared illegal. After a year, he was pardoned and started for home. Arriving at the ferry one night of a July 15, fourteen months after his elopement, he saw on the boat a coffin containing the body of his wife. His wild grief plunges him into brain-fever, but, on recovering, he learned that Gen. Slaughter, after the conviction of Gabriel, sailed with Lily for Europe, and that very little was known of their life abroad, and that little was peculiar and mysterious, Lily seeming to lose her mind under the influence of drugs; that they returned in May to Richmond, where Lily became engaged to Capt. Dulany, and that in the early morning of July 15 Lily died. On the July 15 just fifteen years after her death, a terrible flood occurred in the river, the water rose to an unprecedented height, and, on its receding, Gabriel found on the river a cradle, containing a six-week-old female baby. Finding no clue to her parentage, he adopted her, naming her Gertrude. . . . Continuing, Gabriel tells of the night just spent at the death-bed of Gen. Slaughter. To satisfy his conscience the dying villain swears that Lily was the lawful wife of Haddon, revealing that, owing to a deception he had practiced, she was over twenty-two years old at the time of the marriage, instead of under twenty-one, as was believed; he then says that while abroad, she gave birth to a daughter. Obtaining the address of the private hospital in which the baby was born, Gabriel returns home. During the night following this long conversation with Gertrude he suddenly dies. His will leaves the bulk of his property to Rev. Dr. Goodwin, in trust for Gertrude. Gertrude is to go to Greenwood as companion to the tomboy, Patricia Fitzgerald. On her last night at Haddon's Ferry, she entertains Col. Gerald Fitzgerald, the affianced lover of Geraldine Fitzgerald, whose failure to appear on his wedding-day is a mystery to all, and unconsciously falls deeply in love with him. On arriving at Greenwood, Gertrude is frightened by Magdala, a vagrant woman, rescued from the inundation, made insane by her experiences during that time. Geraldine, coming to Greenwood, is followed by her apparently sluggish lover, Gerald, whom she finally receives, though haughtily. He says that his detention in Washington was more painful to him than it could have been to her and is on the point, apparently, of explaining, when the passionate beauty declares that she does not believe him, and that he has put upon her the most degrading insult a man can offer to a woman. She breaks the engagement. Gertrude informs Dr. Goodwin about Gen. Slaughter's revelation to Gabriel. The doctor shows that Gabriel's daughter, if found, would inherit not only Haddon's Ferry but also the vast possessions of Geraldine Fitzgerald. Gertrude tells him that she is about to search for the missing heiress. Gerald, riding to the Summit, finds his father unconscious in consequence of threats from Magdala. In an interview with Magdala, Gerald can only discover that her appearance at his father's bedside was due to a wish to upbraid him for some dark and dishonorable deed; she, however, warns him against bringing distress upon some young girl (whom she does not call by name), and says that should he so do, she will publish her own secret to the world instead of to a dying man like his father. The older Fitzgerald, before dying, implores Gerald to marry his cousin at once. Just after the funeral, his attorney, Keyworth, delivers two letters, written shortly before by Mr. Fitzgerald, one to Gerald and the other to Geraldine, who renew their engagement. The two letters urge an immediate marriage, and the principals fix upon August 20 as the day. But both, being imperious and passionate, soon have lovers' quarrels, and Geraldine becomes jealous of Gertrude Haddon, who overhears a stormy interview, during which Geraldine says she will not share his heart with “this child of infamous parents,” and demands that Gertrude be sent away. She again breaks the engagement. Gertrude goes to the house of Doctor Goodwin. Geraldine makes up with Gerald. Preparations for the marriage proceed, and the girls make ready to go to Greenwood for the ceremony. Suddenly Gerald appears and implores Gertrude to save him “from destruction” by marrying him. Gertrude, whose half-unconscious love for him had grown into adoration, yields, and the two finally persuade Doctor Goodwin to unite them. During the service, Goliah, a colored man arrives, who, after its completion, hands to Gerald a letter from Geraldine, begging him in the most passionate and incoherent words to return. This Gerald shows to his wife, and then answers with a calm, logical note, proving the impossibility of harmony existing between two such persons as Geraldine and himself, and concluding with an announcement of his marriage. In journeying to Washington, Gertrude is decoyed away from the stage-coach by Magdala, who is on the point of disclosing some mysterious secret, when Gerald rescues her. Geraldine, by some caprice of fate, subsequently enters the same coach in company with Father Dubarry, and rides with them to Washington, in which city she contrives to meet Gertrude alone. She claims that their marriage is not binding, and that she will end it. The young married couple go abroad, Gertrude secretly hoping to aid Dr. Goodwin to find the rightful heir to the property of Gabriel Haddon. Geraldine goes to France as the guest of Veronique, Baroness de La Vallette, an old school-mate. Just before they leave, they learn of a peculiar murder trial, that of Adam Lackland, for the slaying of one Buckhurst in Washington; and Gerald now explains that the hot haste of Sallust Rowley to escape his pursuers on the night of the opening of this story, was caused by his unwillingness to testify in the case, Gerald himself remaining behind to cover the flight of Rowley, who made his way to Europe. Both feel that Lackland is fated to have a place in their destiny, and are disturbed when he is found guilty, but are relieved when a reprieve is given to him. On February 2, Gerald and Gertrude are crossing to England from France on the *Messenger*. Rowley and Geraldine by a strange coincidence are in the same vessel, which catches afire, many passengers being forced to jump into the water to escape a horrible death in the flames. Gerald is supporting his wife among the waves when Geraldine, losing her hold on a plank, calls to him for aid. The plank, free of her weight, whirls around and strikes Gertrude, thus parting her from Gerald, unseen by him. Gerald impulsively swims to aid Geraldine, and in the meantime Gertrude sinks. A boat from an English ship picks up Gerald, now bitterly cursing his impulse, and Geraldine, and another picks up Gertrude, whom Gerald believes he actually saw sink. In despair, Col. Fitzgerald goes to London. Dr. Goodwin informs him that he has found that the lost daughter of Gabriel Haddon and Lily Vale is Magdala, that she married when fifteen years old one Adam Lackland, and went to Virginia the year of the Wilde River flood. Fitzgerald decides to return to America, and leaves for Liverpool. He hears that in a second trial Lackland has been acquitted. During this time Rowley accidentally finds Gertrude and takes her to Kent. They discover that Gerald is alive and in London. Going thither, they are just too late to see him. They hurry to embark on the ship on board of which are Gerald, Geraldine and Dr. Goodwin, but miss it and take the *Zanzibar*. During this, Gerald hears that Magdala is dying.]

GIRLS OF A FEATHER.*

A NEW YORK STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of “The Beads of Tasmer,” “The Mate of the ‘Easter Bell,’”
“Jan Vedder's Wife,” “Friend Olivia,” etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

[Dr. Robert Carter, of New York city, is still unmarried, though well advanced in the thirties. He is hopefully though cautiously awaiting his fate, which, as might be surmised, comes quickly and unheralded to him. While professionally calling on Ambrose Shepherd, a broker and reckless speculator, who is almost on the verge of nervous prostration, he meets Mr. Shepherd's young and beautiful daughter Ambrosia. It is a case of desperate love at first sight. Doctor Carter urges his patient to go to the old Shepherd homestead at Stromberg for the sake of quiet and country air. Will Carter, the doctor's brother, a dreamer and educated lover of music, is to spend the summer at the same village. Amber discusses the doctor and his courtship with her cousin and chosen confidante, Bessie Madison, who is about to go abroad with the Martynes. As the Madisons are on the point of sailing and are receiving farewells from the Shepherds, Dr. Carter mysteriously and suddenly appears to bid farewell to a patient. After the vessel sails, Carter skillfully pilots Amber away from the pier to his carriage, takes her driving to Central Park, proposes and is accepted. In the meantime, Tom, Amber's brother, is indulging in desperate speculation and ruining his father's business. Robert and Ambrosia are married at a week's notice and travel in Europe for two months, leaving Will to furnish their house. They return in November. Visiting her father and Mrs. Shepherd at Mayberry Farm, in Stromberg, Ambrosia is shocked by the apparent fact that her father's lease of life is short. Financial troubles and the misconduct of Tom weigh heavily on both the Shepherds. Returning to New York, Ambrosia goes with Doctor Carter to the opera, and discovers Tom consorting in public with disreputable persons. Doctor Carter forbids Tom to call on his sister, and Tom writes secretly, soliciting an interview with Ambrosia. In the meantime, Bessie Madison is asked by her father to put in the winter at Texas with his brother, now in pecuniary straits. Ambrosia, calling on her, offends by unconscious patronizing, and Bessie, by a feminine process of reasoning, concludes to go to Texas. Tom meets Ambrosia clandestinely and, on being rebuked, quarrels with her. The doctor, accidentally discovering the meeting, unwisely decides to test Ambrosia's truth and loyalty and is properly punished by her contempt for his suspicions. Bessie Madison sails for Galveston. A Mr. John Newton on board devotes his attentions to her, and the two promptly fall in love and at the end of the voyage are engaged to be married. Col. Sam Madison with his son Alphonse meets Bessie at Galveston, conducts her to his ranch near Austin and introduces his other children, James and Louisa, to her. The colonel's plans slip up. James and Alphonse become engaged to Texan girls. Bessie learns that there is—or was—an older brother, Jack, who, in consequence of a quarrel with his father, left home and is supposed to have died in California. In the early spring, she arrives at New York, astounding her father by announcing her own marriage engagement.

John Newton is found to be John Newton Madison, or “Jack,” who on leaving Texas made his way to New York and was taken into the office of his uncle, and is now made a partner. Dr. Carter and Ambrosia begin to develop in each other infelicities which Will Carter vainly endeavors to soften.]

CHAPTER XI—*(Continued).*

AMBER AS FRIEND AND WIFE.

A SLIGHT shadow settled on Bessie's face when she was left alone. She sat down and dropped her hands on her knees and her eyes upon her hands. Her young heart was troubled. What if Amber's suggestion was true and her pretty romance turned out to be a carefully laid plot? Amber's reasoning was at least plausible and possible. She felt that if things were according to Amber, nothing would ever again be quite the same to her. She had half an hour of genuine suffering, then in a moment her face brightened, and she nodded her head emphatically to the thought which had dispelled her anxiety.

“The straight way to anything is the best way. I will ask father and John if Amber's suggestion has any truth in it. If they say: ‘No,’ that is the end of the matter. I will believe father and John against the whole world, if it was necessary.”

She made this declaration with some temper, and then went impulsively to her piano and began to play—at first, rapid, rattling melodies, and then, as the tide of annoyance ran backward, sweet little love-ditties that she was practicing solely for Jack's benefit. One of these had come to her by mail at the New Year, and she now was sure that Jack had sent it to her. At the time, she had given her father credit for the remembrance, because she then imagined Jack to be in Mexico; but now she had hunted it from among her loose music and began to study its pretty words and melodious measure.

“It is such a pretty New Year's song,” she said, “and it was kind in Jack to think of it.” And she began to sing with that frank satisfaction which a taking melody imparts:

> “If I could find the Little Year,
> The Happy Year, the glad New Year—
> If I could find him setting forth
> To seek the ancient track;
> I 'd bring him here, the Little Year,
> Like a peddler with his pack.
>
> “And all of golden brightness,
> And nothing dull or black,
> And all that heart could fancy,
> And all that heart could lack,
> Should be your share of the peddler's ware,
> When he undid his pack.”

And the song took her captive, and she went about all day with it on the tip of her tongue; and when her father came home she challenged him with sending her the wish for—

> —“All the golden brightness,
> And nothing dull or black,
> And all that heart could fancy,
> And all that heart could lack—”

and found him so patently innocent that she was able definitely to accuse Jack of the musical New Year's greeting, and to confessedly find him the right person.

Perhaps Ambrosia really did not intend to spoil her cousin's love dream. She was not sure of her motive when she examined it. She could only say:

“It was a pity to undeceive her. But, of course, her father knew all about! Nobody would believe differently, and it would have been too absurd if she had told such a story to any one but me. And she was so offensively conceited about ‘Jack,’ and needed to have a little of her sail taken in, I am sure. People's courting experiences ought not to be told; but then, as *Punch* says, ‘“Ought” stands for “nothing.”’”

Yet, in spite of this decided opinion, Ambrosia at once repeated her cousin's romance to Will Carter. The night was a very stormy one, and Will came into the drawing-room before dinner and found Ambrosia sitting there in a very dissatisfied temper. She told him the story in a dull, monotonous manner, and asked in conclusion:

“Can you imagine a New York girl being such a little fool as to believe in an arrangement so particularly transparent?”

“Yes, I can. There are girls in New York who tarry in Arcadia willingly, and who have no desire to shake the last apple off the tree of knowledge—sweet, guileless maidens, who believe every word their fathers and mothers and lovers say. I wish with all my heart I could find one who would listen to me. I am sure I would believe anything improbable she chose to tell me.”

There was a long pause, and both Will and Ambrosia looked silently into the fire. Presently Ambrosia said in a weary voice:

“It is long after dinner-time. I suppose Robert is not coming home to dinner. It is very cruel of him.”

“Robert is so busy, Amber. I wish I could make you understand how much he has to do.”

“He need not do so much.”

“One engagement leads to another. In fact demands another. He must attend to all or give up all. I advertised to-day for an assistant for him.”

“Will that make any difference?”

“Amber, my dear sister, you must not permit yourself to say such things, because saying them might in time really influence you, and if there is one thing sure in this world it is that Robert Carter loves his wife beyond all doubt or dispute.”

“Very fine! Why, then, does he so seldom show himself with his wife? People are beginning to think it very queer.”

“Only very silly people could have such a thought. It would be far queerer, if Robert Carter, because he had married a wife, was to neglect his profession and give up the investigations which are making him both famous and rich. You would not wish him to do that, would you, Amber?”

“I wish him to pay a little more attention to me. I have been three nights alone this week.”

“Last night Robert was with us, and you hardly opened your lips. You were reading a novel.”

“Robert was making notes out of a book. Of course, you take Robert's part. Once you promised you would always take mine.”

“Are your ‘parts’ different? Oh, no! Oh, no!”

“I think we will have dinner. Why should two be kept waiting for one?”

When dinner was nearly over Robert came in. He looked weary and strangely excited, and he said with enthusiasm:

“I have been detained by a very remarkable operation—one I have wished to see performed all my life. It was most interesting and successful.”

Ambrosia smiled and turned to Will.

“Can you imagine,” she said, “any one wishing to see a surgical operation even when he was on his mother's knee or perhaps flying a kite.”

“Pardon, Amber! I have as usual, under emotion, exaggerated. I mean all my *professional* life.”

“Which is, however, *all* your life. So that you spoke without any exaggeration after all, my dear.”

Perhaps it was the tone of her voice that imparted an air of sarcasm or contempt to her words; perhaps it was the humps on the shoulders of her dress which gave her the look of depreciating everything said, by imparting the idea of a perpetual shrug. But in any case the effect was the same. The light died out of the doctor's face, he became reserved and eat his dinner in silence, and when the meal was over, he went to his study to write down more elaborately the notes he had taken.

Will had left the room previously, hoping that if the husband and wife were entirely alone they might get into accord. Will had at last discovered that the first year of marriage is a difficult situation. Husband and wife have each other's “ways” to discover, and to duly “allow for,” in order that they may either agree or else “agree to differ.” And suddenly this night the idea came to Will that this process of assimilation would proceed better without any outside influence.

“I am always interfering either with their quarrels or their reconciliations,” he thought. “As soon as the assistant is found I will go to Europe for a few months. Robert does not need me now. Even when he is ‘out’ with Amber he prefers to be alone. And I am often in Amber's way, too. I can feel it. If she had more solitude she might encourage Robert's company.”

Yet, after he had smoked his cigar, he went down to the drawing-room. He was unhappy about this couple, who really loved each other, and ought to be happy and were not. He wished to find them sitting together, laughing and chatting. Bessie's love affair was to disclose, and he hoped that during the after-dinner interval its discussion would make peace. But the room was silent and forlorn-looking. The fire on the hearth had burned down. The lights had been purposely lowered, and Ambrosia was lying on a sofa, pallid with weeping and suffering from nervous headache. Will felt angry, and it is easy to be angry with the absent. At once he was certain that Robert was to blame.

“Where is Robert, Amber dear?” he asked.

“Gone to his study as usual,” she answered in a faint voice, full of the inflections of physical pain.

“And you are ill? It is too bad to leave you alone!”

“He had that ‘case’ to elaborate. I am nothing to a ‘case!’ Will, you are always good to me. Am I tiresome and cross? Tell me truly.”

“You are the loveliest and kindest of sisters. You have never said a cross word to me, and as for being ‘tiresome,’ it is the most ridiculous of libels.”

“Robert finds me so,” and she began to sob with a passion that came hot from her heart and made Will's throb sympathetically.

“Robert means nothing of the kind. He is cross to-night. He ought to be ashamed of himself, and I shall tell him so.”

Then he rang for Amber's maid and persuaded her to go to bed, and promised, with a very serious intention, to plead her cause for her.

He went straight to his brother. The door of his study was locked, and Robert opened it with some impatience.

“What do you want, Will? It is so late now I hoped to be let alone and find some peace to do my writing.”

“Your writing! One would think, Robert, you had married an ink-stand!”

“I wish to goodness I had!”

“Robert, I feel angry with you to-night. Put down your pen and listen to me. You are loved by the brightest and most beautiful of women, and you treat her shamefully. Yes, sir! You treat her shamefully! I have just found her alone in the drawing-room, suffering terribly with nervous headache. It is not right. Indeed it is not.”

“She ought not to cry. She knows crying gives her a headache. Besides which, tears drench her moral fiber into a most provoking limpness. I could not trust myself with a crying woman.”

“She wanted to talk to you to-night. I noticed how prettily she had dressed herself. She was so anxious about dinner being well cooked, so eager for you to be on time. She had been to Bessie Madison's, and had a very strange and pretty story to tell you about her cousin's engagement. She was counting the minutes of the last hour for your coming, listening so nervously for your step and ring that she could not speak; and, whether you know it or not, it is provoking, it is destructive of her happiness, to have all her pleasant plans and intentions swept away for a ‘case.’ And I tell you frankly, Robert, you have a confoundedly cold, professional way of assuming ‘cases’ to be the most important thing in life.”

“Before I was married, Will, you never found them uninteresting.”

“My dear fellow, you never asked me, and I was too polite to tell you the truth.

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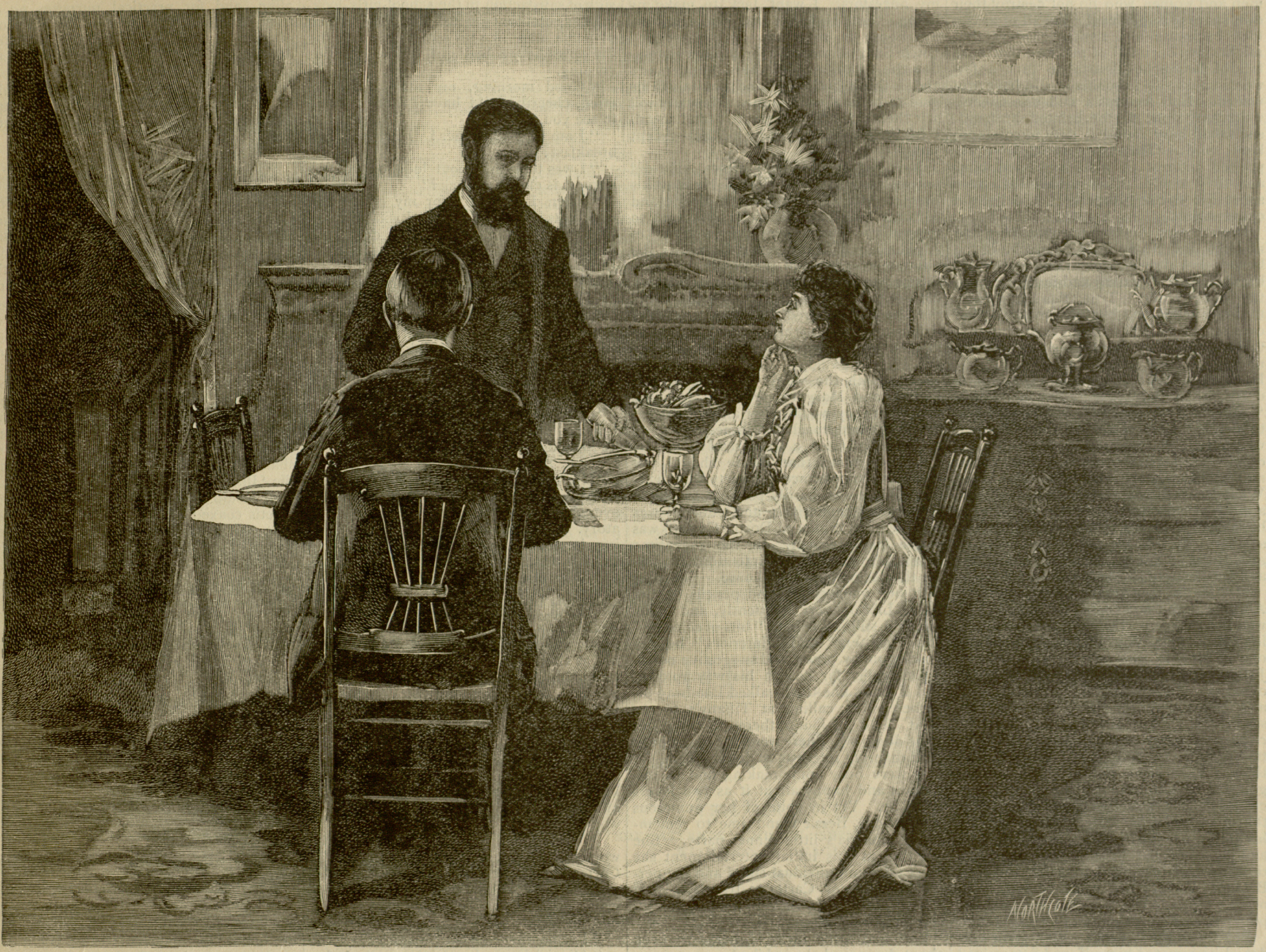

"I HAVE BEEN DETAINED BY A VERY REMARKABLE OPERATION."

Sometimes I found them very much of a bore."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, I did. Outsiders do not usually feel any interest in those parts of the body to which you give Latin names."

"A wife ought to feel some interest in her husband's work."

"A husband ought to feel some interest in his wife's work. Why do you leave Amber so much alone? No woman could be more interesting."

"Interesting! Yes. But I want some solitude. Will, it is an awful thing for two human beings to be always close together. The most dreadful thing about marriage is that it gives another a claim to share every hour of your life. You can talk for hours, Will, about the physical evils of overcrowding. I tell you, Will, the mental and spiritual evils of overcrowding are infinitely worse. Now go away and leave me to attend to my own affairs."

"I am going to Europe for six months. You have too long soothed your sense of obligation to Amber by thinking: 'Oh, Will is there! Will can look after her!' Now, as regards Amber's social requirements, I cannot take your place, and I will not even if I can. I have noticed you, lately. In society you are pleasant enough, but at your own fireside you are a dumb dog. That is not right."

"If you have noticed my faults so closely, perhaps you have also seen some faults in my wife?"

"Robert, there is a time to wink and a time to see. Amber is in a physical condition which ought to blind you to her faults. You ought to show her many little attentions you forget. You ought to look over little irritations which you resent. If a sick wife speaks two words, you should take one and leave the other."

"Bachelors always know how to manage wives, Will. I used to think I did. Get married, Brother Will. Marriage opens the eyes of the blind bachelor."

"Amber loves you. Love ought to cover a multitude of faults. She expected to be loved in return, to be petted, to be made much of. Women marry for that very reason."

"Bachelor wisdom again, Will. A woman marries, first of all, that she may become her own mistress. The rest follows. She has immediately every right—and a great many wrongs. Her poor husband has neither one nor the other. He may not even have an hour or two, to write up one of the most important surgical cases that has ever occurred."

"What is the good of talking, Robert? Actions speak louder. Go to Amber and kiss her good night. Now, Robert, you need not mix valerian or any other soothing herb. Go kiss your wife's tears away; that is the best medicine for her."

With this prescription for domestic peace, Will went. He was not dissatisfied with his management of Amber's case. He perceived that he had at least made it impossible for Robert to resume his writing, he had seen him stretch out his hand to the medicine chest, and he knew that, after a shorter or longer period, the recreant husband would seek his wife's presence, and that Amber with the culprit in this attitude might be safely left to manage her own defense.

But his heart ached for the fair hopes he had seen bloom so brightly and wither so soon. He walked listlessly from window to window; he took up a book and put it down; he lifted Amber's dropped work; he gazed forward, and his eyes met the pictured face of his dead sister. Then he went to his organ, and drew out the stops with a slow and noiseless hand, and the music softly penetrated the room. And by and by his voice melted into it, and Robert, passing the door on his penitential visit to his wife, stopped a few moments to listen to the melodiously solemn question Will was asking:

"Who will salute me *There?*
Who will come forth to greet?
What angel on the golden stair,
Will give me 'welcome' sweet?"

After all, what was there in life half so precious as love? Robert knew what memories of love that had been and that had gone away forever were stirring his brother's heart as he sang. A sort of terror about Amber smote him. With all her provoking faults, how could he bear to lose her? If Will's music had been the result of some well-considered plan to soften Robert's heart and stir into life his tenderest feelings, it would have been the best thing possible. Yet the song was only a personal consolation, and Will had not even a suspicion that Robert had heard and responded to the memories it evoked. So it is that we often mount the highest when we do not know where we are going. So it is often just the little things that are the great things in a man's or a woman's destiny.

The sweet old song had its mission, and fulfilled it. For Robert was but half subdued when it spoke to him. He was, indeed, on his way to Amber, but his intentions were not purely conciliatory. He meant to "make it up" with her, but he also meant to reason with her unreasonableness, and teach her how unjustifiable and selfish her expectations were. After the song, he put himself out of consideration. He forgot that he had felt wronged and slighted. He felt only that he had been thoughtless and cruel.

He hurried his steps to her bedside. He kissed open the dear eyes closed with nervous suffering. Without many words, he whispered his confession and took his pardon from her lips. Then what a joy it was to make his skill minister to her relief; to hover around her; to smooth the long, bright, loosened hair; to watch the smiles come back to her lip, the sense of rest and peace to the troubled face, and to hear her gradually begin to talk! In an hour she was telling him Bessie's story, and making him feel so happy that he gladly forgot there was such a thing as a "case" in the whole wide world.

"And of all the conceited little mortals you ever saw, Robert, my cousin Bessie Madison is chief," was Amber's commentary on the position. "Jack's infatuated estimate of her beauty and excellencies has turned her head. She is charmingly certain of herself at all points. She knows everything about everything, and she enjoys the conviction that she is always right and always must be right, and that every one who doubts her always being right is either jealous of her advantages or envious of her romantic, handsome lover."

There are very few men who do not enjoy these womanly estimates of their dearest friends, and Robert asked, with a sufficient interest:

"Is this Jack Madison really so handsome?"

Amber made a little scornful "mouth" ere she answered:

"I saw a photo of him. The face is good enough; but will you try to imagine a man, however handsome, dressed in light trousers and a dark vest and coat?"

"I positively refuse to set my imagination such a task," answered the doctor.

"Of course a man's legs ought to match his body," continued Amber, with the air of an authority. "Jack Madison really seemed to be cut in two; and I am sure, between the light half and the dark half, he was robbed of an inch in height. Why, Robert, even your high-bred air and dignified carriage could not stand such a—separation!"

The doctor first took to his heart Amber's glance of satisfied pride in his appearance, and then hasted to indorse her opinion. He was certain he always must have had an instinctive disapproval of such extremes, and Will had also. If ever Will had worn a light-and-dark combination, Robert knew it would have hurt his sense of the fitness of things, and so been fixed in his memory.

"Bessie will be here to dinner on Thursday next, Robert; and I do hope you will try to be at home early, dear, and do be at my side. I do not want Bessie Madison to believe she is the only woman in the world who has a lover."

Robert promised all she asked. He forgot at that hour that he was a surgeon. He only knew that he was a husband, sitting by the side and holding the hand of the dearest wife and the loveliest woman in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

PERTAINING TO WOMEN.

We school our manners, act our parts—
But he who sees us through and through,
Knows that the bent of both our hearts
Was to be gentle, tranquil, true.

* * * * * * * * * *

And we whose ways were unlike here,
May then more neighboring courses ply;
May to each other be brought near,
And greet across eternity.—*Matthew Arnold.*

One of the most pitiable memories in life is the number of hours we have willfully and wantonly made miserable. Blessed are the men and women who do not destroy their own share of happiness! Yet all of us can look backward and remember days that might have been full of pleasure that were full of heartache—heartache that a few words spoken or unspoken would have prevented. Had Ambrosia said one cheery, welcoming word to the belated husband, she would have found it easy to say more kind words. Then she would have expressed interest in what interested him, and they would, in all probability, have spent the evening together in delightful conversation.

In such case Ambrosia would have had no tears and no nervous headache in the lonely, dim drawing-room, and Robert no burning sense of wrong and indifference in the lonely study. True, there had been the reconciliation, but if Ambrosia had cared to consider the feelings entering into this paroxysm of injured love she would not have felt that she had had any triumph. In most natures the sense of injury is deeper than the sense of reconciliation. "After all I was right!" "I was foolish to give in," is often the last thought, even where there has been submission and apology. A little offense or a little disappointment passed over, what a victory it is! What pleasure and rest it brings! What a sense of self-respect! Even if it should be unsuccessful it imparts a personal consolation. It is as blessed to *give in* as to *give away*. Ambrosia had made a mistake, and she thought she had gained a victory.

Mr. Madison was older and wiser than Ambrosia, and he avoided the mistake and won the victory. His first feeling on entering his drawing-room that night had been one of jealous annoyance. The sight of Jack's conscious happiness was instantly offensive. Jack was sitting by Bessie's side, and had the air of being the sole possessor of the lovely girl, who, in heliotrope *crépe* and silver tassels, leaned lovingly toward him. "This is too much!" "I think I have some rights!" "I am not going to be second in my own house!" A crowd of such thoughts pressed one after the other upon his heart. They affected his greeting of the lovers. He spoke coldly and he could not help it. He saw Jack rise in an embarrassed manner. He saw Bessie half close her eyes and look curiously at him. He felt that he had the power to make every one alike miserable.

But he did not do it. By a great self-denial he arrested himself, and determined to be the promoter of pleasure. He turned back and kissed Bessie, and gave Jack's hand a grip in passing, and then slipped into Jack's place and drew Bessie down to his side. He made a joke of his little plan to get the better of Jack, and Bessie, being one of those women who read men's hearts easily, said her father had fairly won her, and all evening she carried out the idea; she sat by his side and put Jack back to a secondary place.

So at last the father could not be ungenerous. After dinner, he placed Bessie between Jack and himself, and began to talk of the Texan home and of what was to be done to preserve it.

Then Bessie gave her decided opinion about living in Texas. She said it was an impossibility for her to do so. It was too far from New York. The State was a big State, but not big enough for her and James Madison. She had felt snubbed all the time she was there. James, after his marriage, would doubtless grow still wiser and greater, and she did not like to be made to feel as if she was a grasshopper in his sight.

"But the house will then be your house, Bessie. Nobody could snub you in your own house. And I think you ought to have a winter residence," urged Mr. Madison.

"I do not like the house, father. I want a winter house with all the modern improvements. And, as for 'snubbing,' James Madison would snub the apostles if they did not wear their gowns and miters. Now, Alphonse does like the house, and he loves dearly a beautiful girl, called Margaret Blair. I *almost* promised Alphonse I would arrange things comfortably for him and Margaret."

"But Jack ought to come first. The house should be Jack's!"

"Jack does not want it."

"Jack has surely some respect for his ancestor, who fought for the land and built the house?"

"Of course, father, Jack respects his ancestor. But we do not require to live in Texas, as a mark of respect for him. Besides, Jack's ancestor ought to have built a much nicer house to go with that dukedom of land. Alphonse has not one aptitude for money-making. He could not even make money by marrying it, as James is going to do. And Jack—God bless him!—father, you have taught Jack how to earn his own bread. I do not want to live off my ancestors. I want Jack to make my living. Let Alphonse and Margaret have the house in reversion. Alphonse and Uncle Sam will preserve for another generation the traditional Southern gentleman; and I think both they and Louisa will be glad to be finally rid of me. Margaret will suit them; she is conservative and usual. I frightened all the family a little—except Jack."

Jack endorsed Bessie's views. He did not wish to leave New York. He liked his business life. He had faith in Bessie and in himself, and he wished Mr. Madison to release the Texas property in favor of Alphonse and Alphonse's children, as the ultimate possessors of the estate. Mainly this point was conceded, and Bessie's father did not think it necessary to tell the lovers that he had secured for them a tract of rich bottom land, which in any reverse of fortune would be a fortune saved. Without this knowledge, they were pleased enough with the words of gratitude Alphonse and Margaret sent and with the news that they would, after all, be married before the irreproachable James.

There had been a fixed resolve in Mr. Madison's mind that Bessie should not make any appearance in society that winter. But it was hardly possible to refuse her cousin's invitation; and when all was considered, a dinner at Doctor Carter's was only a family dinner. In the meantime Bessie followed out her intentions regarding the decoration of her house. She went with her water-colors and pencils to the Astor Library very frequently, and in its pleasant stillness copied "bits of coloring" and "corners" and "interiors" besides making many pretty and suggestive notes.

Jack called for her on his way uptown, and if it was fine they walked Boadway together, often calling at Tiffany's to see what could be found there, to carry out their designs. There were, indeed, a hundred different interests to detain them, for they were busy home-making and as important and happy about it as two lovers could be. Yet in spite of her numerous occupations, Bessie found time to remember Ambrosia's little dinner-party. She felt that at this initial entertainment she must take an individual stand and not permit Mrs. Doctor Carter to treat her as a "bud" or a *débutante* or any other incomplete creature.

She had some ideas of her own even about dress, and she imbibed a great many more from the exquisite "Books of Costumes" in the Astor. Over these gorgeous volumes she brooded a whole afternoon, and the result was an irrepressible exclamation of delighted amazement from her father and Jack. Ambrosia was able to suppress the exclamation, but Bessie saw it in her eyes and was satisfied. She was satisfied herself, as she took a final glance in Ambrosia's mirror. For her gown of silk corduroy of a golden-cream color, and gored to fit her girlish figure, was a thing for approval only. Its bodice was edged with folds of narrow gold; and its bretelles of cream and gold were bordered with small pink pompon roses. The result was wonderfully effective. It gave Ambrosia a little start of pleasure and surprise.

"However has such a child come to select the colors and the materials?" she wondered. "But, of course, the whole costume is Madame's suggestion; it is madame's business to get out of her head and out of the clouds all the wonderful combinations possible."

Mr. Madison did not accompany his daughter.

"Two out of one family are enough," he said. "I have sent my regrets, and Jack will be exactly the escort for such a smart little lady."

The criticism was not too favorable. Ambrosia, who had in mind that unfortunate photo in which Jack's legs did not match his body, was thrown quite out of her decisions. Here, at least, was a relative whom she need not be ashamed to put upon her list of friends. She was so pleased with Jack that she took some pains to make him feel proud to call Mrs. Doctor Carter a cousin.

"On the whole, it was a very nice affair—not too much dinner and not too many people."

This was Bessie's first criticism the next morning. It was a very wet morning, and when she came down at eleven o'clock she found her father sitting by the fire, with a pile of newspapers at his side.

She looked a little sleepy, and she had eschewed all fineries. A pink cashmere wrapper, with bits of tiny ruffles, was all she had felt equal to; and her hair was combed straight back from her face and tied in one long braid behind. But nothing could make Bessie look severe. Lots of little curls and tendrils had run away from the orders of the comb and the braiding; and Mr. Madison could not help a sigh of satisfaction in the school-girly-looking daughter that greeted him. She seemed so much more like his own Bessie than did the splendidly robed girl of the previous evening.

"Good morning, my little girl!" he cried, cheerily. "I have waited at home to see you."

"I am so glad, father! Have you had breakfast?"

"I was thinking about lunch. Do you know it is eleven o'clock?"

"Then I will ring for my coffee and what-nots. And as I eat I will tell you about Amber's dinner. Put down the *Herald*, father. I will not talk against the *Herald*. It is too big a rival."

"There, now! All the papers are behind my back. What of the dinner?"

"A very nice affair; but I am sure I could manage a dinner better. The flowers were lovely, but I think to Mr. Will Carter belong the honor and glory of the floral arrangements."

"Did you see the doctor?"

"He was on evidence from first to last. I do not believe he left Amber's side. But he looked bored."

"Oh, Bessie!"

"He did, really, as if his heart was far away. Amber said something about his overwhelming duties at hospital and laboratory. Can you imagine a man's heart being in such disagreeable places? Yet I think it was."

"Who else was present?"

"Mr. Will Carter, of course. Will is delightful. I should not wonder if he adores Amber in a sisterly way. He is not handsome, and yet plenty of handsome men are not as charming. He is even rather bald, and he did not seem to mind it at all. You are bald, too, father, and you do not seem to mind it either. How brave men are! I admire their courage, and I wonder what sum of money a woman would take to exhibit herself without hair on her head!"

"Perhaps it is not as much courage as a kind of audacious candor. Men are naturally less inclined to personal deception than women are."

"I trust it will never be fashionable for women to be so audaciously candid. Will Carter was kind to me. Kind is just the word, but he talked mostly to Miss Radway. Miss Radway is so very clever. She used to lecture to us at school."

"I remember. About history?"

"'Social Duties' and 'Woman's Influence,' and that kind of thing. Yes, and she read and explained 'Gibbon's Rise and Fall' to us. I did not understand her then."

"And now you know all about a woman's influence. Eh, Bessie?"

"I think I do. And as for the history of the 'Rise and Fall' the history of everything that has a history is one of 'rise and fall.' I hope the day may come when people will find some better excuse for meeting than a dinner. Eating with company is not as nice as it is to sip my coffee and cut my beefsteak and take my ease over it at my own fireside."

"How was Amber looking?"

"Very handsome. She had on a lovely work of art in black, and if she would only dress her front hair better I should have no fault to find with her."

"What is the matter with her front hair?"

"It hangs down into her eyes and makes her look like a Skye terrier. But I suppose Amber would catch cold without her bang. She has worn it for years and years, so to speak."

"What of Mr. Montgomery Banks? He is very rich."

"The only thing he said directly to me was: 'Will you take an ice? I am going to.' I declined the ice, for it did not strike me as a joy and honor forever to eat an ice because he eat one."

"Then I suppose Jack was the greatest beau there?"

"Jack was the finest gentleman. The greatest beau was a certain Doctor St. Ange. He has become Doctor Carter's assistant in some ''ology' or other. I took a dislike to him."

"Why?"

"Just because I did. He is very elegant and very handsome, but I do not like him. And I never before saw hands that appeared cruel. His did. Yet they were beautiful hands—white, cold, graceful; but they looked wicked. I could not help thinking 'what a blow they could give.' I should say the man was physically a gentleman and morally a scamp. That is what I heard some one say of Cousin James, and he reminded me of him."

"I thought it was too nice a distinction for you to make."

"I can feel when it applies, though. Yet what can we tell of people in a drawing-room? We were all well-dressed and we all had the same mannerisms, and we all talked alike, and for practical purposes we all thought alike. No one said anything out of order but Miss Radway and Will Carter, and we listened and did not dare to approve. I do think Will Carter is good company. When he talked, I wanted him to go on talking. But the topic was unfortunate. We could not risk our reputations on it."

"What was the dreadful subject?"

"Woman's rights. Miss Radway began it. She was talking about woman-culprits having a right to a jury of women. Doctor Carter listened with polite coldness, and said he thought most women would prefer a jury of men. Doctor St. Ange said it would be a merciless law, because the cruelty of woman to woman would far outshine the inhumanity of man to man. Then Montgomery Banks posed and simpered and made some horrid little stale jokes about women, and put on such airs—and yet nobody kicked him."

"Perhaps every one, mentally, did so."

"Amber tried to turn the subject, but Will was perverse. He said everything that the great masters of ancient song taught us was, that woman had, must, shall and will have her own way. He said the 'Iliad' proved that neither men nor gods could stand against her. He said Thetis coaxed Jupiter, and Juno outwitted him, and Pallas Athene fairly snapped her fingers at the Thunderer. He was beginning on the 'Odyssey,' when Amber politely rose and led the way to her private sitting-room. Amber is possessed of a correctly modern mind. She is always able to do the right thing at the right time. Miss Radway tried to resume the subject when we ladies were alone, but we had our dresses and dressmakers to discuss, and Woman's Rights of Suffrage did not seem interesting. I like Miss Radway, but I do wish she would not walk on tip-toes about women. The mantle of 'Woman's Rights' is a great deal too wide and too long for her. I think that is all that happened."

"What did Jack say?"

"Jack talked to me, mainly. I do not think his conversation would interest anybody else."

"And what do you think of Amber's house?"

"It is very fine, especially in Persian rugs and satin-wood cabinets. The one for her music had a Bartolozzi engraving. And oh, father, the mantles in oak! Well, they made me think of the far-back centuries, and of Mr. Orchardson's pictures. I shall imitate Amber in nothing. I liked the parquetry flooring and dados, but where does she get the servants to keep her fine wood-work polished? Amber says it improves with time. I wish *we* did!"

"We ought to do so."

"But we do not, and that is a fact. I wish I had not seen that Dr. St. Ange. I am afraid he is no angel."

"I would not trouble myself about the man. Amber is sufficient for herself."

"What made you think of Amber in connection with him?"

"Did I do so? I had no motive in it. I am now wondering about Doctor Carter's income. Amber's way of living must be trying to a slender income."

"Amber is not extravagant. There never was any need to tell Amber to go to the ant and consider its thrifty ways. Thrift is at the bottom of all her plans. She told me Will Carter always kept her in flowers. I wonder if she intends St. Ange to take Will's place as special attendant. Will is going to Europe on Saturday."

"It is not our affair, Bessie. Doctor Carter would not thank any one for speculating about his domestic arrangements."

"When a man brings into his domestic arrangement a St. Ange, you can no more help thinking of him than you can help thinking of the satin-wood cabinets or the Wedgewood service. Miss Radway, with her eyes closed to a slit, looked at Doctor Carter and then at Amber several times in such a peculiar manner. I saw her. She was wondering if they were suited to each other—if they were happy—or something of that kind."

"Nonsense! Miss Radway was considering some problem of the veracities or the eternities. A mere question of domestic happiness would not interest her."

"Yes, it would. She thinks she is strong-minded and carries a volume of Mill in her pocket, but at heart she is more sentimental than a school-girl. She was as interested as could be in Jack. I do not believe she liked St. Ange."

"Did Jack like him?"

"Oh, no! When I said St. Ange was horrid, Jack said so, too."

"Poor St. Ange! You must ask him here with the doctor and Amber."

"Indeed, I cannot. The house is all tossed up, and going to be more so every day. I told Amber we were moving out to let workmen in, and she got under the situation at once. I have already more to do than I can manage. Jack and I are making lists of things I had better buy in Europe. We have not got through the china list yet. Still I shall call at Doctor Carter's as often as I can. St. Ange interests me."

Her first call was with Jack, and being a formal and anticipated one, was as barren as such calls always are. A hurried "run in" on the following day discovered Amber in tears. She said it was because of a letter from "poor Clara," and she lifted, rather ostentatiously, a black-bordered letter lying on the table. Bessie did not disbelieve her, for a rather sad conversation on the circumstances of Mrs. Shepherd followed.

"Her mother has just died," said Amber, "and Clara has gone to Vermont to bring her father to Mayberry. It does seem hard for a beautiful woman to be tied with a sick old man at a desolate farm like Mayberry."

"The sick old man is her father; and I daresay she likes to make him happy and comfortable."

Then her eyes wandering round the room, she saw upon the piano a violin.

"Are you learning *that* instrument, Amber?" she asked, with a new interest.

"No."

"It is quite fashionable now, for ladies. Lena Desbrosses says: 'It makes a girl look so cunning.'"

"Yes. I have seen Lena look 'cunning,' and cuddle her head down to the wood thing in a very fascinating way."

"Does Mr. Will Carter play the violin with you? Or Doctor Carter?"

"Will plays the organ, nothing less. Doctor Carter is interested only in worms, invisible worms. The violin belongs to Doctor St. Ange."

"Really? Then St. Ange fiddles to your piano-playing?"

"'Fiddles?' What an expression, Bessie!"

"Viols. Is that better?"

"Any word you like. His violin goes well with some of my pieces. He performs with great feeling and with some skill, I think."

"'Performs?' Yes, 'performs—' that is the word. I am glad to know. I might have said 'fiddle' to Lena Desbrosses. What lovely little feet she has. Have you noticed them?"

"Yes. She has undoubtedly pretty feet, and to show them, she wears her dresses short in front and long behind, and, consequently, she is just the shape of a turkey. Some one ought to tell her how funny she looks. I cannot. Colonel Desbrosses is one of Doctor Carter's patients."

"And I cannot, for Lena is born to occupy a front seat in the best society circles, and I make a point of being civil to such people. I might have to sit among them. Jack has the faculty of money-making."

"Is Jack going with you to Europe?"

"No. Father is determined to have me undivided for six months. That is the bargain."

"In six months you will find another lover. Those grand young Englishmen! So blonde, so strong, so handsome, so full of vitality!"

"I should compare them with Jack and find them wanting. Do you not think Jack very handsome?"

"Tastes differ. But I think he *has* a nice face."

"And a fine figure? Did you notice how erect he carries himself? All Texans have that up-head way in walking."

"Both his face and his figure are simply perfect. Nature deserves praise for producing both the one and the other."

"Amber, do not air your wit on poor Jack. You can throw a shaft or two at me. I can talk back to you."

"My dear Bessie, you are so sweetly innocent yet. Get married and you will know in three months more than nineteen years of unmarried life can teach you."

"One would think you had a grudge at marriage. Are you not very happy?"

"Very happy."

"I am sure of that. Doctor Carter is such a wonderful man. Every one talks about him. It must be lovely to be the wife of a truly great man."

"Very lovely."

"Jack is not a great man."

"You ought to be thankful."

"I am. If Jack was clever I should have to sympathize with things I did not at all comprehend, which would be a great bore. But when Jack says 'he has done a good stroke of business, or made ten thousand dollars,' I understand what that means, very well. It would not bore me to talk it over with him. See?"

"Very clearly indeed."

A few days after this visit Bessie passed Amber and St. Ange. All were driving, and a smile and rapid uplifting of the eyes were all the greeting possible. But Bessie thought some more, and wondered some more, and finally mentioned the meeting to her father, who dismissed the information with an "indeed" so final that even Bessie did not care to talk against a word having such a perceptible "mind-your-own-business" tone.

The day preceding her sailing for Europe, Bessie expected Amber to call and take lunch with her. Amber had promised to do so, but she neither came nor sent any apology. Bessie was both anxious and curious, and about the middle of the afternoon she drove to the Carters. Mrs. Carter was sick, but in response to a message scribbled on her card, Bessie was admitted to her presence.

Doctor St. Ange left the room as Bessie entered it. Amber was on the sofa in her morning-gown. Her hair was loosened and she was still in that intermittent condition of occasional sobbing which indicates the subsidence of a storm of feeling. Indeed, her whole appearance showed excessive distress, and Bessie's sympathy brought on a fresh attack. Then Doctor St. Ange returned to the room and gave her a spoonful of some medicine and directed a maid to continue the gentle rubbing of her mistress's hands and feet. With a very grave face he retired again, and Amber explained that she had been suffering very much for several hours.

"But where is Doctor Carter? Have you not sent for him?"

"I do not want to see him. I cannot bear to see him. If he should come in, I should have another attack, I am sure. He is so cruel—so cruel!"

Bessie was confounded.

"Why, whatever has the doctor done?" she asked.

"He wanted me to go this summer to some horrid little place close to New York. I have set my heart on Newport. All my important friends are going to Newport. He said some dreadful things, and my heart is nearly broken."

"Did you say dreadful things, also?"

"I suppose I did. I do not know. I was in such a state, I do not know what I said. I am sure I was not responsible. I was so ill—suffering—and he went away and sent Doctor St. Ange to attend to me. What a cruelty! What an indignity! I will never forgive it."

"I dare say he could not bear to see you in such a bad—I mean, suffering so much."

"Men are so brutal. I wish I had never married."

"Jack is not brutal. Jack would not be brutal under any circumstances. Nothing could make Jack brutal to a woman."

"Jack is like all the rest, and you will find it out."

"I shall find nothing wrong out, I am sure. I should not wonder if you had not been a little to blame. You always were hasty, Amber. Let me send for Doctor Carter, and do make it up with him. It must be awful to be 'out' with your own husband. No wonder you are ill and broken-hearted!"

"I would not humble to Doctor Carter for anything. Oh, Bessie, warn every girl you know against marrying old bachelors! They are so set in their horrid, selfish ways."

"Doctor Carter is a charming man, and I am sure he idolizes you. Send for him at once. I would not see that Doctor St. Ange; he is horrid!"

Amber sighed but did not answer. Then she managed to take a cup of tea with Bessie and talk over her directions for a set of fine Belfast bed and table drapery—hand embroidered. Doctor St. Ange did not intrude upon the confidences, but when Bessie went away, she saw him sitting by a window in the corridor reading. He rose and would have spoken, but Bessie bowed distantly and declined conversation with him. She had seen Amber in "tantrums" occasionally when they were schoolfellows, and had learned from experience that they were more annoying to others than hurtful to herself.

However, there were a hundred other things to think of and to talk about, and Amber did not cause much curiosity in her cousin's family. Bessie knew her father would ignore the subject, and a certain delicate reserve about "things pertaining to women" made her withhold her confidence from Jack. And perhaps, after all, Amber knew her own business best, for she was at the steamer the next morning, in the highest spirits and looking charming in a costume of petunia cloth and astrachan. Yesterday's pallor and air of suffering hopelessness were quite gone.

She reiterated her commissions and her good wishes, and with a delightful oblivion as to methods, she finally told Bessie that she had at last made up her mind to spend the summer in Newport. Doctor Carter, she said, had the offer of a cottage there, and Bessie must think of her as enjoying the sea breezes and such pleasant company as her condition of mourning permitted. Then came the bustle of leaving, and the crowding to the wharf; but the last thing Bessie saw was Doctor St. Ange assisting Amber into her carriage.

She had little opportunity to reflect upon the circumstance. There was a universal feeling on board that the gallant Cunarder was going to race the *City of Paris*, and even the ladies were much excited over the news. At first, Mr. Madison was grave and disinclined to approve, but when the open sea was gained and the race really in progress, he found his enthusiasm master his prudence, and before he was aware was warmly defending the sport.

"Were we not all—British and Americans—descendants of those who claimed the empire of the seas?" he asked. "If horse-racing was encouraged to improve the breed of horses, why not ocean-racing to encourage the build of steamers?"

"Besides," said another partisan, eagerly, "the great ocean highways belong to us. They are perfect 'courses' ready made; nothing but 'hazards' from beginning to end."

"And, pray, what rules would you have to govern the competitors?" timidly asked a listener.

"The steamers should be absolutely left to themselves," was the reply; "though, of course, at the start, proper authorities could see all left with fair play."

"And then?"

"Then we must hope that some or all of the entered vessels would turn up at the finish."

"Exactly!" cried another, enthusiastically. "The captain and sailors would think it great fun."

"And the owners of the ship?" asked the timid man.

"They could hedge themselves with insurances."

"And the passengers?"

"They would be delighted to lighten the voyage by making a perpetual race of it. Then there is the excitement of betting. It is likely enough that we may soon see the ocean odds quoted regularly in the sporting columns of the New York and Liverpool papers."

To this false but pleasant note the whole voyage was set, and the expected race lasted all the way. Bessie enjoyed it. She even began to say the practice ought to be carried out on the railways. If it was so delightful at sea, why not have it on land? Could anything be more thrilling than a couple of express trains shooting along on parallel lines, in derision of way trains and cross traffic? And thus arguing and joking, she watched at last the beautiful, low-lying shores of England appear. Then she frankly told her father that she liked to travel with him. It was so nice to be with some one who was not afraid, and who let her keep on deck if she wished, without regard to wind or weather.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 33.]

THE CONVICT SHIP.*

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Jack's Courtship," "Marooned," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHE ATTENDS CHURCH SERVICE AND WITNESSES A TRAGEDY.

AT lunch that day the doctor congratulated himself warmly upon the success of the ducking punishment. "I never doubted," said he, "that it would fail in the case of female convicts. Two buckets they told me sufficed for the most clamorous of the foulmouths. But I had my misgivings as to its efficacy with male prisoners. I am satisfied. The fellow below seems to have been soaked into repentance. I spoke to him in the prison a little while since, and he humbly begged my pardon and promised never to use another oath again."

"It's a goosefleshing discipline," said Captain Barrett; "but they'll make a joke of it in the tropics."

"Is this box arrangement your only punishment, Ellice?" said the subaltern.

"We have thin water-gruel," answered the doctor. "I know a man who became sincerely religious after two days of thin water gruel. Then there are the irons which I have struck off, with or without the addition of handcuffs. Then there is the prison. Separation works wholesomely. Loneliness is good physic for the felon mind. Finally, there's a black-list, in which I enter the offender's name for submission to his excellency the governor at the end of the voyage."

The subject was then changed. To this brief talk I listened greedily, forgetting Will's hint that I should carry a deaf face. I met the doctor's eyes, but my duties dismissed me to the galley, and I was out of the cuddy while the meal lasted.

That afternoon, whilst I was rubbing the shining length of cuddy-table, the doctor came from his cabin. He looked at me a moment or two and then approached. There was a sort of kindness in his manner; he even put on a grave, condescending smile when he addressed me. It was seldom that Doctor Russel-Ellice smiled.

"I am glad to believe," said he, "that I was mistaken in you. One of the apprentices, who, I understand, is very respectably connected, has, I hear, some knowledge of you. But, young man, you should have chosen any vessel sooner than a convict ship to hide yourself in."

I cast my eyes down.

"I observe that you take a great interest in all conversation that relates to convicts. I am willing to believe you honest. You will therefore give me, truthfully, your reason for the interest you take in the prisoners?"

"It is a curiosity more than interest, sir. I have often read and heard about convict ships. I cannot help feeling curious and listening and looking about me."

He stared at me searchingly and seemed satisfied. But I noticed with some alarm that he observed my face with unusual attention, taking the lineaments, so to speak, one by one. He then glanced down me—afterward let his eyes rest upon my hands, and all this in silence which might have filled an interval of nearly a minute.

"What's your age?" he asked.

This was forcing my hand; but then I was a woman, and no woman is expected to tell the truth when she is asked her age.

"I am seventeen, sir."

"You do not seem to have been ill-used," said he, again gravely smiling. "A plumper, healthier young fellow I never met. What made you run away?"

"I wished to go to Hobart Town."

"Would not your friends have equipped and sent you out respectably had you made known your wishes?"

"My stepfather is no friend of mine, sir," I answered.

He asked me what I meant to do when I arrived in Tasmania, and after putting many questions, most of which I answered, he bade me tell him what my religion was, in what churches I worshiped, and then began to lecture me; indeed, to sermonize me as though I had been a convict under him. I listened with a hung head and composed face, but I could not draw my breath freely till he was gone, for all the time he addressed me his dark, scrutinizing eyes seemed to search into my very conscience. And then again I feared his perception as a medical man.

Next day was Sunday. The captain sent word forward, and the instructions reached us aft, that the whole of the ship's company were to attend divine service on the poop at ten o'clock. It was again a bright and beautiful day. When I went on deck in the early morning, I was in time to behold a most glorious pink and silver sunrise; our coppered forefoot had cloven the first of the warm parallels, and already the flying-fish were darting from the froth of the curl of the low wave; the ship was heaped with gleaming spaces of canvas to her trucks, and was leaning over to the pressure of the cordial breath of the northeast tradewind. She was sailing fast; the sea was smooth, and the spitting of the narrow band of passing brine was like the round of satin torn by the hand; and satin-like was the long gleam of the water with a few small seabirds swiftly winging along it in chase.

The routine, I observed, was the same as on other days. The convict deck-washers, superintended by the captains of deck, helped the watch to wash down as usual; the cooks were admitted past the sentry, and speedily a cloud of black smoke was blowing from the prisoners' galley chimney. When the decks had been swabbed, the convicts in divisions were turned up to

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WHO WROTE OUR CONSTITUTION?

Mr. GLADSTONE declares that the American Constitution is the greatest achievement ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. The history of its writer is familiar to every American, or certainly should be—this young HAMILTON, who at seventeen confounded the doctors of political reasoning, and issued anonymous productions upon the relation of England to the colonies, which were attributed to the greatest statesmen of the period. When he fell before the pistol of AARON BURR he was only forty-eight years of age, but he had lived long enough to leave an imperishable reputation as the ablest jurist of our earliest constitutional era.

GUIZOT, the historian of civilization, says—

> "there is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, of duration, which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into it and to cause to predominate."

His reports, state papers and treatises on governmental functions are masterpieces. They earned him the offer of the chief-justice's position, which offer he declined.

Some people forget that the Declaration of Independence nearly became a glorious but ineffectual protest instead of the diploma of freedom. For full seven years after the last British redcoat had sailed down the New York Bay the fate of the American States, so loosely hung together, was a trembling one. "Here's a hoop to the barrel," said WASHINGTON'S veterans; and truly the hoop was needed. Thirteen mutually independent States, thirteen armies, thirteen systems of tariff—think of it! "We shall lose all we have so gloriously won," declared WASHINGTON.

But Hamilton saved the day, and WASHINGTON'S great influence backed his deed.

HAMILTON was as mature in early youth as when he died. TALLEYRAND said of him "he divined." His fecundity, power and vigor as fully impressed FOX, PITT, NAPOLEON and Chief-Justice MARSHALL in their day as they do Mr. GLADSTONE to-day.

In person he was below the medium height, slender to delicacy, full of movement, erect and quick. His general address was graceful and nervous, his skin ruddy, his hair light, and the whole countenance decidedly Scotch in form and expression. He had an irresistible charm which friends loved and foes acknowledged to deplore. There are several portraits of HAMILTON extant, the three best being those of TRUMBULL, AMES and WEIMAR.

His widow survived him fifty years, dying at the age of ninety-seven. And from the moment when he fell upon Weehawken heights she always wore the widow's dress of early times. Americans cannot estimate HAMILTON more highly than he deserves.

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THE SUBURBAN HOME.

Some of these days, when people get wiser than they are now, and when comfort and rest, luxury and show, shall have been properly defined, the great masses of humanity that congregate in cities, following some sort of inherent gregarious instinct that makes one wonder if after all there is not something in the DARWIN theory—when that happy times comes, the millennium will dawn for the family, and brick and mortar in great rows and piles and stories and flats and apartments and tenements will be among the things that were, at least so far as furnishing houses for the mass of people is concerned.

There is room enough in this great world of ours for all of its inhabitants without the pigeon-holing process to which the dwellers in cities are now subjected. It would be a good idea if the residence portion of the world could be put under the strictest sanitary laws, and pains and penalties fixed for crowding and herding, such as is now common in all large business centers.

If, in justification of this practice of crowding, it be claimed that people are forced to do it because rents are so high, it may be argued that rents in suburban localities are not high, and that industries should, to some extent, colonize. In order to do this the rates of transportation must be reduced to a minimum. There is no reason why one- or two-cent fares should not be made enormously profitable, and they would be under proper management. It was formerly claimed that the reduction of letter-postage to two cents would utterly demoralize the postal service and bankrupt the country. As matters stand now, the only obstacle in the way of reducing letter-postage to one cent is that the carrying facilities of the service are not equal to such an enormous handling. The postal service, under the two-cent rate, is much more profitable than when the three-cent rate prevailed, and experts have satisfied themselves that a still further cut in price would add immeasurably to the profit of the post-office department. And so it would be in suburban traffic rates. It costs comparatively little more to run five cars than to run three, and more frequent trains can very easily be managed where double tracks are provided. Every suburban line should have four tracks, especially if there is long-distance service attached to it. It would be a very easy matter for all trunk lines to put out an elevated service over their own tracks. This could be used strictly for near-by passenger traffic, leaving the ground-lines for baggage and long-distance travel.

Some day the railway will find an elevated annex its best outlet for short-distance transportation. When this day comes, and the coming is not so very far in the future, the process of disintegration will begin in the tenement houses and slums. Light and cleanliness, enlightenment and good order, backed by the strong hand of the law, must in time scatter these plague spots.

When this is done, the children can be put into school and trained up to be decent citizens. The parents can find light, healthful, airy rooms in which to do their home-work, and factories and warehouses, with abundance of space and fresh air, for handiwork of all classes. Concentration and the gregarious instinct are the prolific parents of vice, crime and degradation. How long these things are to remain is a question that rests heavily upon the minds of the world's wisest humanitarians.

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THE CANTATRICE AND THE ORPHANS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Full many the glorious proofs to the mind
Of the sacredness ever in pure art enshrined;
No matter how it is expressed, the same
Is the victory crowned by an angelic flame.

And ne'er was the crown in its light more sublime
Then when a great Cantatrice, "once on a time,"
Breathed her spirit to aid little children bereft
Of their parents, and so unto charity left.

For her spirit that sung had a golden success,
And knowing how it would their little lives bless,
She murmured: "Oh, thanks, Music's God that my voice
Can so make the dear, suffering orphans rejoice."

Thick and bright were the leaves of her laurel before,
And each year has but given it opulence more;
But the leaf that the brightest and broadest must shine,
Is the leaf angels gave in a cause so divine.

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GREAT OPPORTUNITIES.

"Now or never!" well expresses the urgency of that class of opportunities which come once, never to come again. They steal upon us like the rising tide, and taken at the flood lead on to fortune. If watched for, if waited for, if promptly used, these single chances mean much of life to every one of us.

To every one, mark, since to all they come. Not only does fortune salute the great, she salutes the lowly. The vast majority who become great happened to be "at home" when she called, and from obscurity worked their way upward at her behests. In fact fortune is only the personification of a person's common sense, vigorously and wisely used.

"I have missed my chance, sir," said an acquaintance recently. And we who knew the speaker knew he spoke the truth. He had let his one great opportunity slip.

But life has a second class of opportunities—consolation prizes, so to speak—which bob up on every-day existence. We shall not depart to ruin in despair because our parents did not make us doctors and lawyers and statesmen. Our hands may be horny with honorable toil, our round a dull, obscure one.

But whatsoever our hands find— Ah! *The hand*, not the imagination, which sits castle-building into very cloudland, but only three feet of radius and a hand to grasp the nearest-lying work or duty of whatever kind. These are our momentary opportunities, which, firmly seized, will, in their own good time, bring a rich reward.

Let us do them with our might, and while some of us believe that our great opportunity has gone by, it may be that, because we are faithful in the little things, we shall yet find the larger ones.

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A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

No man ever becomes great or wise or rich by accident. A young man's prosperity must depend upon himself. If you are industrious and frugal and if you set before you a distinct object in life, you will succeed; but if you are indolent and improvident and changeable, you will come to no good. A man must have a purpose, he must make up his mind what he means to be and do, or he cannot reasonably hope to succeed in life.

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[From the Boston Herald.]

"TRANSGRESSING THE LAW."

Under this title Capt. Frederick Whittaker relates a story of crime and intrigue in high life that is intensely interesting. It is not at all improbable, but is consistent with the common laws of right and wrong. Money is the root of the evil that an innocent man suffers at the hands of one whose greed makes him a criminal in the eyes of accepted law. Prosperity follows him, however, until he is well advanced in years. Then there comes a time when he is given a chance for explanations, but we will not anticipate the story. There are many points of interest in "Transgressing the Law" and its clever delineations of character, and the thrilling incidents of the narrative will hold the reader captive from the first to the final chapter. Captain Whittaker writes with an enthusiasm that is very attractive to lovers of light and wholesome fiction. The story makes a good moral impression. "Transgressing the Law." By Capt. Frederick Whittaker. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons. 12mo.

HOW THE WORLD TRAVELS.

In the Transportation Building at the World's Fair.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

All the multitude of ways contrived by ingenious, indolent man to get himself transported from place to place, from country to country, over the seas, across rivers and mountains, down hills and over dales, has abundant illustration in this great building of Transportation at the World's Fair, and one learns to look with contempt on his own slow, two-footed locomotive powers.

Externally, the Transportation Building is a curious one, almost the only building on the grounds that is not painted white or else a light color, if we except some of the small foreign buildings. It is square as to its roof, and is painted a dull-red color. The letter T is thickly starred about in the region of the eaves, and a long succession of thin, white, angels are painted flatly against its upper story. These angels are unique in their way and furnish much amusement for the irreverent. You have sometimes seen in an old book a fly, a moth or other winged creature which had unwarily crept between the leaves when they were open and neglected to fly out at the proper time of closing, with a fatal result. Just that way do these angels look, pressed and then applied for decorative purposes. Over their very thin, flat stomachs they wear a small sash inscribed with the name of some man distinguished in the history of transportation—Hudson, Fulton, Stephenson or some other.

However, there is a magnificent, round-arched, golden doorway, one hundred feet wide and seventy feet high, at the eastern entrance, so handsomely decorated with gold and silver leaf that it is of almost barbaric splendor, and this atones and more for the distressing angels. The door alone cost twenty-five thousand dollars, and the whole building three hundred and seventy thousand.

The most conspicuous object as one enters the building from any point is a tremendous black steam-hammer of one hundred and twenty-five tons, the largest steam-hammer in the world, which has been sent from South Bethlehem, Pa. It rises ninety feet in the air, and bestrides the main aisle like a Colossus of Rhodes. It looks so determined to crush something that the visitor is inclined to a feeling of thankfulness when he is safely out of its black shadow. They use such hammers to forge heavy armor-plates for battle and merchant ships, we are told, and it is gratifying to learn, after we are well away, that this is only a model made of commonplace wood and plaster and black paint.

The transportation exhibits are divided into six general classes: marine transportation, railways, bicycles, carriages and other vehicles for common roads, intramural transit and pneumatic machines.

Of sad interest, just now, is also a model of a warship, near by the English armored warship *Victoria*, so lately gone down under the waves with hundreds of its crew. This is the finest model ever built of any boat and cost twenty thousand dollars. It has been much admired ever since the Exposition opened, but on the day when every one was reading the telegraphic accounts of the terrible accident to the real *Victoria*, the passage-way was thronged with sight-seers. Kind English hands draped the brave little toy in crape, and visitors gazed in silence. The crape has been removed, and now laurel hangs on the mast.

The great steamship companies of the world make a brave showing. The Cunard Line has models of all its different styles of boats since the first primitive structure of 1840, really fine little ships the models are, in large glass cases, with life-boats and smoke-stacks and stairways all complete, and every boy who sees them longs for one to take sailing out on the pond at home. All the large companies post daily bulletins, received by telegraph or cable, of the location of each of their boats, and one of the large German companies has a very large globe with small models of each ship of its line dotted over the water surface, the positions of each being changed every day to correspond to the position of its counterpart.

A glimpse of the elegant carriages of every name and degree, sent by France, Germany and our own country, is enough to make one weep for envy. Look at this magnificent tally-ho coach from Paris, with its splendid mechanism of wheels and springs, its cushions of finest scarlet broadcloth and its shining top-seats and long case for the coachman's horn, suggesting gay, handsomely-dressed driving parties. Hundreds of little and big carriages, glittering with paint and varnish, lined with blue, green, gray, fawn or white broadcloth or satin, to suit all tastes, are found in this section. And such tempting sleighs! The Russian sleighs are built so low that they seem purposely contrived for the convenient attacks of travelling wolves. I asked the Russian in charge of the exhibit why they were built so near the ground, but his English was almost as bad as my Russian, and we did not arrive at an understanding. Dark-blue paint and broadcloth of the same or a lighter shade seemed to be the favorite combination for quiet, but elegant vehicles, whether from France, Germany or the United States. France has usually led the world in carriages, but two American firms, one from Massachusetts and one from New York, intend to be close rivals for the award.

Besides the gay pleasure wagons, there are all sorts of conveyances for homelier use, showing the newest improvements in platform spring, laundry, fish, grocery and farm wagons, and many illustrations of running gear, which were somewhat beyond my comprehension.

The railroads are out in all their glory, and overtop all other exhibits as is natural. As one walks through the magnificent trains on exhibition, he wonders on what road they run, for in the ordinary lines of travel one never meets such products of the car-makers' skill. Over eight acres of space are devoted to the railroad exhibit alone, and the long trains of cars with their splendid engines run far out of the great main building into a long annex which had to be built for them.

Canada sends a full, transcontinental train, built by the Canadian Pacific road, with cars of solid mahogany; and England, with exhibits of later manufacture, shows the original seven-foot-gauge locomotive, Lord of the Isles, built more than forty years ago for the first World's Fair ever held. France and Germany make fine displays of their peculiar car-systems, and all American roads of importance put a great deal of fine material and workmanship into their displays of passenger-, freight-, postal-, refrigerator- and baggage-cars and their engines.

Up in the gallery you will always find a group of interested boys and men, and an occasional woman, looking over the bicycle exhibits with critical eyes. So many dummies in very fresh and becoming cycling suits are riding wheels of every description that the visitor feels in danger of being run into, and involuntarily hastens to get out of the road.

The dummies of the Exposition, by the way, are worth a chapter by themselves, so well-made and deceptive and amusing are they. In the Shoe and Leather Building there is one of an ancient shoemaker drawing his waxed end through the leather with such a very natural motion of his old mouth that one can hardly believe in his artificiality. And farther on, a clever advertiser has a wooden figure of Uncle Sam dressed in the national colors, who talks by phonograph every few minutes, reciting a long and interesting advertisement in a thin and squeaky but perfectly audible voice. And the sight-seer will forget many more important things before his mind will be free from the impression made by that phonographic Uncle Sam. The dummies dressed to represent the women of different countries, in the Woman's Building, are set about in the most natural manner on the different floors, and you really must beg their pardon if you brush against them rudely.

It should be said, returning to the transportations, that standing near the fresh, new cars and engines, and in striking contrast to them are shown the very first locomotives and passenger-coaches of the early days, used, perhaps, within the memory of some of the *Ledger* readers. The cars are much like the old-fashioned stage-coaches.

Street-cars of every name have their special department, and many exhibits of harnesses, mountings, all sorts of car-tracks, hundreds of elegant whips, hearses in black and white elegance, baby carriages, wheelbarrows, stable accessories, sleds for logging and for pleasure, rolling-chairs, sedan-chairs, donkey panniers and camel furnishings; night signals for the marine service, boat-flags, oars and row-locks, anchors, cash-carriers, elevators, toboggans, photographs of scenery, propeller-wheels and dynamite guns, walrus-hide boats, stuffed oxen and their carts from Mexico, Madeira and Sicily, dongas and dugouts, Daniel Webster's carriage, and a model of the *Santa Maria;* the Peppergrass, the first mountain-climbing engine; in short, everything that you can possibly think of, which has any possible connection with any possible means of transportation is sure to be found somewhere under the hospitable roof of this exceedingly interesting building.

THE CONVICT SHIP

Continued from page 7.

wash themselves, and at eight o'clock they went to breakfast.

It was whilst the messmen were standing in a compact row beyond the main-hatch door waiting for their cans of cocoa, that I saw Tom. He was one of the messmen. I found an excuse to pass him thrice, that I might greet him with my eyes and observe him. I saw passion and grief and love in his face when our gaze met, though neither of us durst venture on more than a passing look. It half broke my heart that I should be so close to him and yet unable to speak. Whilst he waited with the rest I could, indeed, have made shift to pass him a fourth time, but the strain was so terrible that I feared myself. I felt a swelling within me as of hysteria, an ungovernable madness to rush to him, to fling my arms about his neck, to hold him to me. So I passed into the cuddy, and a little later, the body of prisoners went below and, saving the sentries, the enclosure was empty.

After the cuddy breakfast was over, whilst taking some dirty dishes forward, I met Will near the galley. He said, softly: "I was on the poop watching you when you walked up and down past Butler to look at him. Old woman, these are risks and you mustn't run 'm. There are eyes aboard here sharper than that chap's bayonet."

"I 'll run no risks, and all 's well so far, Will."

"What about that letter you were telling me of? I dread to hear of your attempting to give it to your sweetheart."

I looked at him with a smile. He asked me if I slept comfortably, if his clothes fitted me, if I had seen the prisoner boxed up and washed down yesterday, and so on. "You 'll be up on the poop for prayers at four bells," said he. "Lord!" he added, bursting into a nervous laugh. "To think of only two in this ship knowing what you are! To think of you, a young man as habit is bringing me to fancy you, being the real and original Marian of the milk and buttercup holiday times! What would mother say to see you as you stand here now, as complete a shellback to the eye as that second mate there, with a big basket of dirty dishes alongside of you lugged all the way from the cuddy by your own little hands? And all for love—all for love! By glory! But the woman that could make me dress up as a girl and follow her to sea in a convict ship would have to sink down straight from heaven. This earth couldn't manufacture her." He rounded on his heel and went off.

Some time before ten o'clock the ship's bell was rung; presently Mr. Balls's silver pipe sang in shrill whistlings through the ship. Mr. Stiles had ordered me below to "clean myself," as he called it, and on my return I followed him and Frank on to the poop. The scene was one of extraordinary life and full of brilliant color. I never can forget that picture of this first Sunday morning I passed on board a convict ship.

When I gained the poop, the ship was crowded with people in motion. The whole of the crew, in such clean Sunday clothes as they could muster, were coming aft. The convicts, in a seemingly endless procession, were passing through the door of the hatch and massing themselves behind the quarter-deck barricade with their faces aft. The guard, saving the sentries on duty, were drawn up in a line on the poop, giving an amazing brightness to the scene with their red coats, shakos and sparkling arms. Their officers were in full dress and the doctor in the uniform of a surgeon of the royal navy. The commander of the ship stood near the doctor. Behind the soldiers were women and children. Aft, at the extremity of the poop, his figure rising and falling against the dim azure over the stern, stood the solitary figure of the helmsman grasping the wheel, whose brass-work flamed in the sun, and abreast of him paced the second officer, who had charge of the ship. The sailors came tumbling up the lee poop ladder, and soon all the forward portion of this raised deck was crowded with people.

Such a sight as it was! But I beheld a horror in the beauty of it. Oh, the very spirit of horror itself entered the beauty of that spectacle of shining ship and radiant uniforms and glowing sea out of the mass of human misery and sin down on that main-deck there. I had a clear view of the convicts. I ran my eye over the line of faces whilst I sought for Tom, and my very heart shrank within me at sight of the countenances my gaze briefly settled on. Prejudice, grief and rage may have made me find the villainous looks of numbers more villainous than they were. I viewed them as my sweetheart's associates, as ruffians and crime-laden scoundrels, into whose vile company my honest, pure-minded sailor, my innocent, injured Tom, had been thrust to toil in irons with them, to be at night with them, listening to their talk, not here only—in the hulk also and in other prisons!

The solitary occupant of the forecastle was the sentry. He walked the deck from one rail to the other, sometimes halting to survey the scene. The doctor stood amidships of the break of the poop and began to read in a loud, firm, but slightly nasal voice from the Book of Common Prayer. Every head was bared. The convicts gazed intently up at the reader. There was a pathos in the wondering, staring looks of many of them—a something of childishness that sat strangely on their faces, as if their gross, unlettered ignorance was to be astonished and pleased by the cleverness of a man who read without difficulty, as though he perfectly understood the meaning of what he delivered. Barney Aaron was in the front rank of the mass of men. His gaze was fixed on the doctor; his posture was one of humility. I observed that he occasionally nodded as though in appreciation when the doctor paused upon a passage and looked at the convicts. Tom was behind. I saw him with difficulty. The least movement of my head blotted him out by bringing the heads of men in front between us.

The picture was memorably impressive. I have it now bright in my mind's eye, all the hues as gay as the shining colors in the silver plate of a daguerreotype. Nothing disturbed the stillness upon the ship but the voice of the doctor. Yes, you heard a soft, creaming noise of running waters, and at intervals a gentle flap from aloft, and sometimes there would break in a homely sound from the live-stock forward. Never had the sea looked so wide nor our ship so lovely. The feathering billows ran chasing in flashes and gleams into the southwest, where the ocean trembled in a dark-blue, with a horizon firm as though ruled upon the delicate azure of the heavens. Southeast, under the sun, it was all blinding splendor—sheer dazzle that streamed to the tall leaning weatherside of the ship and broke from the bow in sudden light like molten silver.

When the doctor had recited as much of the liturgy as he thought proper to deliver, he paused to breathe a while and drink from a glass of water which stood at his feet. He then began a sermon. He was in the midst of his discourse, to which the prisoners appeared to listen with close attention, Barney Aaron occasionally nodding in approval or admiration as before, when a convict, who stood close against the barricade on the port-hand side—I mean that fore-and-aft barricade which formed the gangway alley, as I call it—tossed up his arms and in a loud, deep-chested, tragedy voice cried out:

> "I could tell a story
> Would rouse thy lion-heart out of its de
> And make it rage with terrifying fury."

The doctor stopped.

"Silence there!" roared a voice.

"Who was that?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Thomas Garth, sir," responded a convict, standing near the prisoner who had broken out.

The doctor stared for a while in the direction of the man as though waiting to see if this extraordinary offense of interruption would be repeated. The convict was clear within my view; he was the tall, dark, handsome man whom I supposed, and indeed, rightly supposed, to be the tragedian that one of the soldiers had told me was amongst the prisoners. After an interval of two or three minutes, all remaining quiet, the doctor resumed; but scarcely had he pronounced a dozen words when I saw the actor throw up his right arm, and whilst he brandished his left fist, making the strangest, maddest faces in doing so, and at this moment I see the lunatic fire in his eyes as he rolled them along the line of us who stood at the break of the poop—he burst out:

> "Oh, dismal! 'Tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!
> Ye talkers! What are all your precepts now?
> Patience! Distraction! Blast the tyrant, blast him!
> Avenging lightnings, snatch him hence, ye friends!
> Nature can bear no more."

"Seize that man!" roared the doctor, who seemed instantly to understand what had come to the unhappy wretch.

But a man who goes on a sudden raving-mad is not very easily seized. This convict was immensely strong; his chest, bulk and stature were assurance of that. All in a moment half a dozen prisoners were rolling upon the deck, beaten down by the madman's fists and elbows as though they had been children. With agility that might be possible only to such madness as was in him, the man sprang, grasped the top of the barricade and with a kick of his feet vaulted into the gangway between. He ran a few yards forward, sprang upon a scuttle-butt and gained the bulwarks, on which he stood erect, holding by nothing, swaying his fine figure with the movements of the ship, laughing the shocking laughter of madness and shaking his clenched fists at the poop.

"Seize him!" shrieked the doctor, nearly throwing me as he rushed to the poop-ladder.

"Come down!" roared the sentry on the forecastle, and the bayonet flashed as he swept his piece from his shoulder to level it.

"Quick or he 'll be overboard!" bawled Captain Sutherland.

The swaying figure on the bulwark-rail roared with maniac laughter.

"Come down or I 'll fire!" shouted the forecastle sentry.

"He 's mad! He 's mad!" went up in in the very thunder of noise from the mass of the convicts.

It was then that I heard Captain Barrett cry to the sentry not to fire, but the man did not hear; he stood at a considerable distance from the poop, and the roar of the convicts was in the air as the captain shouted. The soldier fired. I screamed with the voice of a woman when I beheld the spit of the flame and the blue wreath of the smoke.

"Oh, Jesu!" cried the convict. He turned slowly, as though to look at the man who had shot him, and fell backward into the sea.

The women behind the line of guards shrieked, and some of them fainted. My knees failed me, and I sank down in the horror of that moment, clutching at a stanchion of the brass rail. Captain Barrett delivered an order swiftly and fiercely, and the armed guard came with a hurried tramp to the brass rail, the outermost one on the left thrusting me with his foot to get me out of the road. Sick and terrified as I was, my wits were sufficiently collected to mark an ugly movement among the prisoners, an indescribable stir of figures, quick turnings of the face and eyes, as though the many-headed beast sniffed blood and saw its chance. It might have been that they were enraged by the slaying of the maniac, yet nothing more sinister, nothing more deeply tragic in its suggestions than that stir of agitation, those sudden, wild, eager looks and movements of the head could be imagined.

The man had fallen overboard on the weather side of the ship. The sailors assembled on the poop rushed to the rail when the man reeled and dropped; they shouted as they stood looking; the captain sped to the grating abaft the wheel and gazed astern there, calling to know if any one saw anything of the man. Twenty throats were bawling; some saw him, some said he had gone down like lead, some that he had been shot through the heart and that there would be nothing to pick up. Meanwhile the ship was sweeping swiftly and smoothly onward; the white brine spun in sheets past the quarters, and the ridged seas of the tradewind beat their plumes of snow into showerings of spray against the coppered bends of the heeling vessel. The spread of canvas was great; the studding-sails were out besides; the seamen would have needed a clear deck to bring the ship to the wind, and the convicts still stood massed, covered and overawed by the sight of the soldiers at the line of the break of the poop, every man so grasping his musket as to be ready to take aim at the word of command.

The time was wild with confusion and terror; the sailors continued to shout as they looked astern. Some of the children were yelling loudly with fright on the poop; sharp, harsh cries resounded from the main deck, where I saw the doctor thrusting in amongst the convicts, whilst a few of the men whom he had appointed "captains" appeared to be shoving and pushing and marshaling the prisoners so as to form them into some sort of marching order for the descent of the main hatch.

Captain Sutherland came hastily forward to the rail and looked down upon the convicts. He then shouted to his chief mate, who was standing near a quarter-boat to windward.

"Send all hands forward, Mr. Bates! Send all hands forward, sir! There 's nothing to be done!" and he motioned significantly toward the main-deck.

And, indeed, until the convicts were all in their quarters below, nothing was to have been done; for the seamen must have gone amongst them to haul and drag upon certain of the gear. At the foot of the mainmast, for example, were belayed many ropes, all belonging to the vast spread of sail stretching on high overhead, and this mast stood within the barricades. What might have happened had the sailors rushed in amongst the convicts to bring the ship to the wind?

Captain Sutherland stood pale and still

at the head of the poop ladder; the ship's company were streaming forward through the gang-way galley, and when I quitted the poop in the tail of the procession of women and children, the captain, the officers and the line of soldiers who stood in a posture to instantly cover the convicts alone remained on that deck.

I stood in the recess along with Frank and some of the soldiers' wives, waiting to see what was going to happen beyond the barricades. One of the convicts had been killed or stunned by the maniac, and lay motionless as a log. The sentinel who had shot the man trudged the forecastle with frequent looks in the direction of the main-deck, as though prepared at any instant for a call to level his piece afresh. The women near me jabbered incessantly, and every tongue wagged in defense of Murphy, as they called the soldier.

“God pity me!” exclaimed Frank, looking at the woman. “But it vhas murder to shoot a madman.”

“Mind your own business!” cried one of the women, angrily. “It's the duty of a soldier to obey orders, and the orders of a sentry are to shoot down any convict who gets over the barricade and attempts to leave the ship. So there!” she cried, spitefully. I believe she was Murphy's wife. “How was the sentry to know he was mad? If a soldier don't obey orders he stands to be shot himself. So there!”

“It vhas murder,” said Frank, and, smiting his thigh, he cried. “She makes my blood boil.”

“If you calls it murder again,” said another of the women, “I'll speak to the sergeant, and he shall talk to you. You're a low German fellow, and us soldiers' wives are not to be insulted by the likes of you.”

“So there!” cried the woman who had just spoken, spitting the words at the young fellow.

Meanwhile sharp orders were being delivered within the barricade. I took my chance of being reprimanded from the poop and went a little way along the alley, and saw all the convicts still massed, but in motion; they were descending the hatch, but one at a time, for there was room for no more. The body of the fellow who had been stunned was held by four of the prisoners. The doctor stood alone and apart within the inclosure, looking at the men as they swarmed slowly toward the main hatch, filtering to their quarters. He was white, but stern and collected. Sometimes he spoke, pointing or moving his hand as though to insist on more order. He seemed a fearless figure, and though I disliked him, I could not but admire him. There were scores, perhaps, amongst those felons who would have hardly made more of felling him and kicking out his brains than of dashing an egg to the deck.

I did not see Tom, so I went back to the recess, and just then an apprentice struck six bells. Ten minutes later, every convict was below and the main deck clear; but I observed that when the guard came off the poop one of the soldiers passed through the quarter-deck gate to double the sentry at the main hatch, and I heard another tell one of the women, as he went below to the barracks, that he was to do duty as second sentry at the prison-door of the steerage bulkhead.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHE LISTENS TO A CONVERSATION.

All the time I was in the cuddy that day, whilst the captain and officers lunched, I kept my ears open, supposing that the talk would wholly concern the dreadful, tragic incident of the morning. But no man said a word on the subject. Perhaps they had talked it out before they came to the table, or perhaps they would not speak of it before me and the other two stewards. I was greatly disappointed. I wanted to hear that the sentry had exceeded his instructions and was to be severely punished. It was horrible that a man should be empowered to shoot down a fellow-creature as the sentry shot down the poor mad actor. I had hoped that Captain Sutherland, whose heart was a British sailor's, would ask the doctor and the officers why a sentry should be instructed to fire at a man for no worse crime than scaling a barricade and climbing on to the bulwarks of the ship. To kill a man for so behaving might be all very well in harbor, where a convict could contrive to swim ashore. But what dream of liberty could visit an unhappy wretch in mid-ocean unless it were the freedom that death provides? And why should a convict be shot for attempting suicide? Out of mercy, that his blood might be upon the head of another instead of on his own?

The cool chatter of the officers upon light, frivolous topics filled me with wrath. I wanted to hear them talk of the shooting of the madman. But nothing was said. No reference was made to that strange, threatening stir which had been visible amongst the convicts, like the passing of a sudden darkness over a waving field of grain. The doctor was very stern. He ate little and talked seldom. Only once did I catch the least allusion to that morning's bloody business. I was coming up from the pantry with some glasses, when I heard Captain Sutherland say: “By the bye, how is the man that was knocked down?”

“All right again,” answered the doctor.

“He lay like a corpse,” said the captain.

“He was stunned,” said the doctor. And then Captain Barrett spoke, and the subject was changed.

I went forward that night after dark, when my work was done, knowing it was Will's watch below, and wishful for a chat with him. He lay, smoking, upon a chest in his cabin, and an apprentice swung overhead in a hammock, with one leg dangling down. I could not converse before that fellow up there, though nothing would have been thought had I entered and sat down beside Will, for it was gone about that he knew me through his father having had mine for a client.

He saw me by the light of the slush lamp that sootily burned against the bulkhead near the door, nodded and, filling his pipe afresh, lighted it and lounged out. We leaned against the ship's galley to leeward, where all was quiet.

“What have you to tell me about this morning's fearful job?” said I.

“A sweet experience for you, my honey,” said he. “See what's to be learned by stowing oneself away in a convict ship.”

“What will they do to the soldier who killed the man?”

“Do to him? Give him a stripe to wear on his arm when they get ashore.”

“It was a brutal murder!” I exclaimed.

“You say that because your sympathies are below. Duty's no murder. The man obeyed orders, and very right orders they are. Let me tell you, my daisy, there's a very considerable slice of hell stowed away under hatches in this ship; and if it wasn't for the guffies, there'd be such a blaze as 'ud make you, for one, wish Stepney were closer aboard than it is.”

“Do you mean to tell me,” said I, “that twenty soldiers in command of half a man and a puppy can keep two hundred and thirty desperate, fearless, crime-hardened ruffians under?”

“Two hundred and thirty! That figure counts Butler as one of the beauties, eh?” said he, laughing. “But I answer yes; twenty soldiers can do it, backed, of course, by our machinery of barricades, manholes and the rest of it, not to mention a moral influence that counts more usefully than a great gun loaded chock-a-block with scissors and thumb-screws.”

“If those convicts had found a leader to-day,” said I, “they would have seized the ship.”

He turned his head about in the gloom to see if anybody was near.

“Seize the ship!” he exclaimed with a little snort of contempt. “With a file of soldiers splendidly placed ready to fire amongst the devils as fast as they could load! With three sentries in addition to help! With officers and a crew ready to support the soldiers! But, hang me,” said he, with a change of voice and peering close into my face to catch a sight of me, “if I don't think you're sorry the ship wasn't seized!”

“I wish you didn't excuse the diabolical murder. I'd shoot that sentry with my own hand for killing a poor, unhappy madman goaded into insanity, for all you know, by an unjust sentence. It might have been Tom. Suppose Tom's heart broke and his mind went? A soldier would shoot him!”

“D'ye know you hiss when you talk? I used to like your spirit, but love is making a tigress of you. You make a fellow afraid?”

But I had not come to talk with him to do that. I wanted news, and he had none; and I had no idea of scaring or disgusting the dear lad by causing him to fancy that my sympathies were with the felons under hatches when I had a heart but for one man only in the whole world. Will was just the sort of lad to betray me that I might not come to harm or harm others; so, after laughing at his likening me to a tigress, I talked of Stepney and his father's house near the Tower, and in a few minutes the pair of us were happy in old, kind, gentle memories.

He grew a little inquisitive presently, however, and asked me some questions.

“Have you thought of what you mean to do when you arrive at Hobart Town?”

“I shall be guided entirely by what is done with Tom,” I answered.

“Shall you settle in Tasmania?”

“Somewhere in that part of the world,” I said. “Once a convict, always a convict. I know Tom and his proud heart; if his innocence could be established on his arrival and liberty given to him, he'd not return home. He hates England—I'll swear it. And I hate home for his sake.”

“You'll sell your house in Stepney, I suppose!”

“Yes, I may do that. There's much I may do. I shall be guided by what befalls Tom. I have money enough to establish ourselves in comfort. We shall want for nothing in our new home.”

“Maybe I shall turn squatter, myself,” said Will. “There's a big thing to be done in wool. But give me New South Wales. I wish they had sent Butler there. What's become of the *Arab Chief*, I wonder? And does he lose all the money he invested in her?”

“No,” said I.

Here some seamen came and lolled alongside of us; we could talk no more, so I went aft.

All next day the doctor was full of business. I heard him tell the captain at the breakfast-table what the routine was to be; at half past eight prayers and a portion of the Scriptures was to be read to the prisoners in divisions, some below, some on deck, as the weather night permit; then schools were to be formed, but this could not be done until the doctor had ascertained the ability of the prisoners to read—he needed time to put a book into each man's hand to test him. Every school would consist of nine or ten pupils: schoolmasters would be selected from the best educated of the convicts. School would be held morning and afternoon; after supper, at four o'clock, the doctor would regularly deliver a lecture on any subject likely to improve and enlighten his hearers.

You'll suppose he was a busy man. Indeed he had a hundred things to see to. Besides the schools, the lectures and the like, exercise had to be arranged for, the washing of linen, airing of bedding and so forth. Then there was the hospital to visit, troublesome convicts to examine and punish, a journal to write up and I know not what besides. This, the first Monday of fine weather and freedom of irons, was spent by him in planning the convict routine for the voyage. I collected from his talk at the table that the prisoners were very quiet, and looking forward with interest to the educational work he was cutting out for them. He told Captain Sutherland he had addressed them below very seriously on the Sunday morning's tragic business; in fact at lunch he spoke out without reserve.

“I was impressed,” said he, “by the thoughtful looks of many of the unhappy people when I bade them accept the death of the poor, miserable man Garth as an awful warning—not in respect of discipline, not in respect of the penalty that attaches to insubordination, but in regard to their soul's health.” And then he occupied ten minutes in repeating what he had said to the convicts. Lieutenant Chimmo hemmed and tried to break through the dull prosing; but the doctor loved his own eloquence too well to let his companions off a single sentence that he could recollect. “I believe,” said he, “that there is some good in that man Barney Aaron, after all. I observed that he was very attentive at divine service yesterday.”

“But he is not of your persuasion, surely?” said Captain Sutherland.

“He's of the persuasion of them all,” answered the doctor.

“The persuasion that has the devil for high priest, eh, Ellice?” said Captain Barrett.

“That's so,” said the doctor. “Barney Aaron is a man I should be proud and thankful to bring over. He was a very bad lot at home. This ship might not hold all the wretches he has tempted and ruined. Yet I seemed to find an expression of contrition in the fellow's face, a softening look, as though he might not prove so inaccessible as I had feared. He asked leave to speak to me before I came up from below this morning, and I was gratified to understand that his object was to thank me for the remarks I had offered to the prisoners on the subject of the sudden appalling death of Garth.”

Captain Barrett burst into one of his great laughs, for which he apologized by saying that he was thinking of a story he had heard of Barney; it was not fit to repeat, however.

“Then, sir,” said the doctor, sternly, “we'll not trouble you for it.”

“Whisper,” said the subaltern, sidelong, to his brother-officer.

“Have you given the prize-fighter any sort of appointment, doctor?” said Captain Sutherland.

“Not yet. I have my eye on him. His immense strength will make him useful. He may end as my first captain. Had he stood near the madman, the poor fellow would now be alive. Aaron is, perhaps, the only man in the ship who could have grasped and held him.”

He then talked of his schools. His head was full of the thing. I learned, through listening, that the admiralty instructions provided for the establishment of schools and religious teaching.

After the doctor had made all his arrangements on this Monday, nothing happened of any consequence that I can recall for some time. We carried a strong north-east tradewind, and we drove along by day and by night, with foam sometimes lifting to the cathead. There was scarcely need to handle a rope, so fresh and steady was the tradewind, with its wool-white clouds scattering like sheep down the sky and the horizon bright and hard and blue in the windy distance. At times, I caught sight of Tom. The intervals were wide, and I never found an opportunity to breathe so much as a syllable of love to him. And this was very well. It was enough that he knew I was on board, and that we were able sometimes to see each other. I never attempted to write a second letter. The risk of delivering it was too great, and I was resolved to run no risks, lest some act that would add nothing to Tom's happiness nor mine should betray me and extinguish my hopes, nay, slay my chance of reaching Tasmania with him in the same ship.

Sometimes I feared my sex was dimly suspected, but mainly my mind was at rest on that score. The persons I was afraid of were the two military men and the German steward. The idea of my being a woman, I am sure, never entered the doctor's mind. Had he entertained the least suspicion, he was just the man to settle it out of hand by sending me down among the soldiers' wives to be examined. And yet, when I peeped at myself in one of the long cuddy mirrors, I'd wonder at the success of my masquerade. I repeat here that I was a very fine figure of a woman. In none of the points which are admirable in the equipment of the best shaped of my sex was I lacking. Yet it is certain that my impersonation was perfect, and that, if I except the three men I have named, there was not a man in the ship who by looks or speech caused me the least anxiety.

However, to provide against the reasons of my being on board becoming known, should detection of my sex happen unexpectedly, I sought out Will one evening, and had a long, earnest chat with him. I put it to him thus:

“You are supposed to know me; that is to say, you are supposed to know that I am the son of a man who was a client of your father. Suddenly I am discovered to be a girl. The captain sends for you, and you are challenged in the presence of the doctor. What will you say?”

“That's where it is,” said he. “Make one false step, and ten to one if you're not presently up to your neck.”

He scratched his head and mused, staring at me. I would not help him. I wished to test the quality of his wits in case he should be challenged as I have said. After a bit, he exclaimed:

“I should disown all knowledge of you.”

“That's good,” said I.

“I'd say you told me your name was Simon Marlowe and that your father was a client of my father's. I should tell no lie by owning I believed the story, because, you see, uncle was a client of the dad's. Well,” he went on, “I should tell them that, now you proved to be a girl, you weren't the young fellow I took you for, and I should call you a liar and disown all knowledge of you.”

“And in saying so you'd be strictly speaking the truth, so far as Simon Marlowe is concerned,” said I, rejoiced to find him so ready. “You'll disown me. You'll call me a liar. You'll know nothing whatever about me. That'll be the programme, Will, should you be called upon.”

We stood discussing the matter some time, and then separated, but I was mightily glad to have had this talk with him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHE OVERHEARS TWO SAILORS TALKING.

For many days we met with very beautiful weather, and every day the sun grew hotter and hotter. The moon enlarged and became a full moon, and the prospect of the dark blue night, with the moon shining higher in the heavens than ever I had seen her shine, and the stars in multitudes of brilliants trembling in a very sheet of silver down to the vague, obscure line of the horizon, was glorious and wonderful. Often on those fine nights, instead of going to bed, I'd creep to the forecastle, where nobody walked but the sentry and a seaman on the lookout. There I would over-hang the head rail and gaze down at the star-white foam as it spread out with a soft, boiling noise from the steady, shearing thrust of the cutwater. The sea was full of fire and many strange shapes of dim, greenish flame swept past in the black water as I looked. The moonlight lay upon the sails and they rose stirless as carvings in marble. The stars glittered like jewels in the dark arches under the sails and twinkled gem-like along the black lines of the yards and danced like the mystic fire of the corposant beyond the trucks to the swaying of the fragile points of masthead.

Oh, it was at such times as these that I longed for Tom. What happiness, I would think, to have his hand in mine; to be standing here at his side, gazing up with him at the moon-whitened canvas, or watching the sea-fire leaping in sparks amidst the rushing froth on either hand! He had talked once of my going a voyage with him. He had talked, too, of his carrying me to sea when we were married. I could understand what I had lost when I stood lonely on that dark forecastle watching the yearning breasts of canvas leaning from the wind and thinking of the home that was low down behind the sea. My heart beat with passion when, on these lovely moonlight nights, sweet with the strong blowing of the tradewind, I'd think of my dear one locked up in the 'tween-decks below—imprisoned with the rest of them since half-past six, to emerge from the pestilential atmosphere at daybreak—for what!

Whilst I thus thought, I'd clench my hands in the agony of my mind till the nails were driven into the palms of them.

But everything went along very quietly. Tables were knocked together, and schools held on deck in the inclosure; that is, a proportion of the schools. There was not room for all, and the convict classes alternated between the 'tween-decks and the main-deck. The doctor speedily found out that Tom was one of the best educated of the prisoners, and set him to help in teaching the many wretches who knew not their alphabet. But it rarely happened, as I have said, that I saw my sweetheart. Either I was at work in the cuddy when he was on deck, or he was below, or the schools broken up when I might have found leisure to watch him.

I often speculated upon the histories of the many convicts—chose a face and mused upon it. My conviction – nay, my knowledge—that Tom was as innocent as I of the crime for which he was being transported made me think there might be others as guiltless as he; and this sort of fancy or sympathy often raised a passion of pity in me as I'd stand staring at a convict, striving to fetch his life-story out of his face, though, for all I knew, the man I watched might have been one of the very worst scoundrels in the ship.

What affected me most was the guessing that lots of them must have left wives and mothers, children and dear ones behind. I had heard the doctor say that not above one out of every one hundred convicts ever returned home, so that, unless the parents or the wives of the poor, miserable felons followed them, they would be as completely sundered from home ties as though they had been sentenced to the gallows instead of to the hulks and transport. My eyes would moisten sometimes in thus thinking whilst I watched a prisoner in some hour of leisure, fancying a past for him. Once I saw this: Two children belonging to the soldiers had strayed into the gangway alley and were playing there. I observed a convict, a middle-aged man, watching them. A sudden spasm contorted his face. He jerked down his hand in a snapping way, in some instant anguish of memory, as though he cast something from him, and turned his head and moved a few paces, then raised his cuff to his eye, with a look-round afterward to see if he was noticed.

One evening I went forward, meaning to get upon the forecastle to breathe the air. It was hot in the recess. Some women were seated round the booby-hatch, and the noise of the children vexed the mood I was then in. It was toward the close of the second dog-watch and dark. I saw some figures on the forecastle, and learnt by the voices that Mr. Stiles, Mr. Balls and the sailmaker were of them. Therefore, that I might be private, meaning to breathe in solitude upon the forecastle later on, I went round to the lee side of the galley, the door of which was closed, and stood there, looking at the dark sea above the line of the bulwark-rail, for the ship was heeling over somewhat sharply this night.

Though the noise of the pouring and foaming brine rose shrill and strong, other sounds were very plainly to be heard. For instance, I often caught what they said upon the forecastle, though the speakers were at a distance. The main-deck was empty. A few figures moved about the poop. Presently two sailors stationed themselves against the foremost end of the galley, round the corner, so to say, facing the lofty pillar of the foremast. I smelt the fumes of their coarse tobacco. They could not see me nor I them; but what they said was as distinct as though they stood alongside of me, spite of their speaking in subdued voices. I knew not who they were, but guessed them to be two forecastle hands.

"I had a yarn along with Bob this morning," said one of them. "Them gallus sentries are made up of eyes. Fust time I've been able to speak to him."

"What's he lagged for?" said the other man.

"Buzzlement. I knew it 'ud happen. He grew too confident and was ate up with pride. He might be helping himself now, theayters and dancin' kens as often as you like, lush to swim in and quids for his piece. But the gallus fool must grow greedy; he takes too big a handful, and now he's outward-bound. But twelve bob a week and find himself! A covey with Bob's tastes, too, mind ye, and one of your gallus high-flyers to rig out. But he says he ain't sorry it's over. He never felt comfortable. His piece was always a-scolding and threatening to split if the swag warn't forthcoming; and, blow me, she stumped him, after all, for split she did, but not afore she'd got another cully in tow, unbeknown to Bob, you take your oath."

"I heard Micky Volkins," said the other, "a-telling Bill Flanders that he squeezed in a yarn with his old chum when they was washing down. They scrubbed side by side. Micky says the old chum's glad to be going abroad. The shore-work took it out of him, but the hulk gave satisfaction. The feeding was beef, soup, mutton, spuds, bread, porridge and treacle. I recollect the boiling. If a man's sick, they put him on sheep's head, eggs, soft puddens, tea and butter, along with brandy and wine, which they sarve out by the hounce. Is that sailors' fare? Strike my eyes if it ain't good enough to go into irons for!"

"There's only one sailor-man among 'em, Bob was a-saying," said the first sailor.

"Who's he?"

"Didn't hear his name. Lagged for scuttling a wessel. Gallus good job if the old man tried it on with his ship. Everything's blooming wrong. All the work comes upon a few. What's good goes below; what's stinking is sent forward. Well, I never shipped expecting to see Bob, and I'm game to swap places, if they'll consent. Look what's done for 'em! Prayer-meetin's, eddication up to the knocker, a doctor to physic 'em! If a man growls, he's spoke to as a man. One of the convicts complained to the doctor of the cooking. The gent sniffed and tasted, said the man was right and wigged the gallus cook. Let e'er a one of us lay aft, and what's a-goin to happen?"

The conversation was at this point interrupted by the second sailor beginning to sneeze. He sneezed at least twenty times with a great roaring noise. Mr. Balls came to the edge of the forecastle and cried down: "Withered if there ain't a grampus jumped aboard!" The fit of sneezing passed, and the fellow lighted his pipe afresh, and the men resumed their conversation.

"It's gallus queer," said the first speaker, "that there should be only one sailor among 'em."

"One navigator, perhaps," said the other.

"Well, that may be. I wish they was all ship's captains for my part—skippers and mates. I'm gallus glad wherever I hear a skipper's lagged. But they're too leary, bully. Ha, ha! They knows how to keep to wind'ard, scrape and go as it often is."

"What's the coveys made up of?" said the second speaker.

"I asked Bob that. 'All sorts,' says he. 'One's a parson.'" Here both sailors laughed loudly. "A harbor missionary, lagged for fishing through the slit in the mission box." Both men laughed loudly again. "You'll know him, maty, by singling out the cove as carries his hands as though he wore long thread gloves. Bob told me to twig him by that."

"Only one sea captain?" said the second speaker. "It must be the next ship that's a-bringing of them out, I allow."

Eight bells at this moment were struck; the boatswain sent some thrilling message through the ship with his pipe; and, unwilling that the two speakers should know that I had been a listener, I went softly round the galley and made my way aft.

The reference to Tom in this conversation had struck me as strange. The men undoubtedly meant Tom when they spoke of one of the convicts as the only sea-captain amongst the prisoners. How should that be known? The doctor was doubtless acquainted with the felons' antecedents, but he never talked and rarely answered questions. The convicts then had made the discovery amongst themselves; this I thought extraordinary. Tom might have admitted his calling to the fellows who shared his sleeping-berth, to the prisoners who formed the mess he was in; but how should it be known to two hundred and twenty-nine convicts that the two hundred and thirtieth was the only sea-captain amongst them? Perhaps I mistook; a few had learned Tom's calling, and one of those few had talked with the sailor whose conversation with his mate I had listened to.

I did not give the matter much thought; I should have given it much less thought had not Tom been the man the sailors referred to. That some of the sailors should have found friends amongst the prisoners was quite in keeping with the looks of a few of the crew. I had often thought that were the forecastle hands to shift clothes with the malefactors, they would take wickeder-looking convicts than the bulk of the prisoners.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 33.]

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

In countries like Nicaragua, where the ribs of our mother earth are almost as shaky as the virtue of a Chicago alderman, the aborigines find it difficult to realize the fact that the chronicles of Holland and Belgium do not record a single earthquake; but the natives of those same Netherlands would, perhaps, be still more amazed to learn that millions of Americans live and die without ever having seen a Will-o'-the-wisp.

The phenomenon known as *ignis-fatuus* has been observed on the lower Danube and here and there in Ireland and Wales, but its favorite haunts seem to be the marshy lowlands of the Meuse, between Liege and Elsloo, where it may be seen almost any warm evening in September, especially after a light thunder-shower. Its appearance has been aptly summed up in the words that "it differs from fire as moonlight differs from sunlight;" still its gleam is something more than the phosphorescent flicker now and then emitted by decaying animal matter. It is an actual process of combustion, and successful attempts have been made to light a piece of paper by its flame. As a rule, though, it retires at the approach of an investigator, or, rather, the feeble flame subsides and flickers up somewhere else—often, perhaps, merely in places previously hidden by intervening bushes.

Phosphureted hydrogen gas (evolved by decaying animal substances) possesses the power of spontaneous ignition on coming in contact with common air, and may thus ignite a far more abundant combination of gases generated by the vegetable matter of rank fens; but the question remains why similar conditions have so rarely produced the same result in the extensive swamps of the western continent. In Italy, Spain and Russia there are districts abounding in fens where, nevertheless, Jack-a-lantern is as scarce as in New England, and the most plausible explanation is the conjecture that the proximate cause of the phenomenon has something to do with the decay of plants found only in special localities.

Those localities need not necessarily be deep quagmires, and I remember to have seen the bluish-white glamour of more than one *feu-follet* in an alder-brake near Chatelet, on the upper Sambre, where in daytime only a few shallow pools could be found between long ridges of dry woodlands. The apparent size of the flames (sometimes subsiding as by the exhaustion of the available fuel) varied from three inches to a foot and a half, the brightness of the light seeming somewhat to depend upon the stand-point of the observer. In going along the road a mere streak of pale mist in the thicket on the right would gradually become luminous enough to make the contiguous bushes partly visible. When two or more flames flickered up at the brink of the same pool, they had a tendency to coalesce, or "snap up one another," as the Belgian rustics expressed it. "Now watch them fight—there! I told you, the one on the left beat!" my little guide would call out, at the consummation of a contest probably initiated by a light current of air.

In a stronger current, Jack's little lantern would at once go out like a candle in a gale, and even in an absolute calm, the phenomenon can rarely be observed for more than an hour at a time. Just before its extinction, the feeble flame will rise and hover diminished some two or three feet above ground, and at last vanish without leaving as much as a gleam of bright vapor, but may reappear within half an hour, without any conceivable cause, except the accumulation of the combustible gases.

"*Va-t'en!*" "Get away there!" my companion would sing out, with the "Go it, groundhog!" humor of a Tennessee hunter hearing a rustle in a neighboring thicket; but the current superstitions, as far as I could ascertain, were limited to the idea that it bodes bad luck to see an *ignis fatuus* in the neighborhood of a church-yard. On the whole, Will-o'-the-wisp is seen too often in western Belgium to maintain the character of a portent, and I remember the astonishment of a Charleroi farmer on being informed that a German lady had offered her guide five francs for showing her children a genuine *feu-follet*. "Why, they must be moon-blind," was his comment, "or else they have never been outdoors after dark," as if he failed to conceive the existence of a country where an *ignis fatuus* could not be seen as easily any summer-night as a shooting-star or a lightning-bug. The large fire-beetles of tropical America often blaze up in a thicket like the sudden flash of a lantern, and it is possible that a constellation of such luminaries produced an effect which on one occasion inclined me to believe in the appearance of an *ignis fatuus* in the swamps of southern Mexico.

"That's a *luz huanal*," said my landlord's peon, combining a Spanish noun with a Yucatan adjective.

"A—what?"

"A *fuego huanal*," sticking to the doubtful attributive.

"Describe it. Is it an animal or something else?"

"Yes, señor."

"How do you mean? Is it alive?"

"Yes, sir; but—" after some reflection—"it hides in the daytime."

"What is it like? A bird, a fly or a fish?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"What then? Can it fly?"

"Yes, but not like a bird."

"Describe it, then, can't you? What is it, anyhow?"

"A *luz huanal*, sir."

The phenomenon known as "fox-fire" in southern Florida is merely the phosphoric glimmer of rotten wood. In dark nights the whitish core of a hollow willow-tree exposed to a humid atmosphere (or artificially moistened with rain-water mixed with a few drops of ammonia) will emit a mildly spectral gleam which, under favorable circumstances, may be seen from a distance of fifty yards.

THE WORLD'S A FAIR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

All living things
We hear and see,
With fins or feet or winnowing wings,
Teach us to honor industry.
At the grand fair,
Not far away,
Thinkers and workers will be there—
The kings and princes of the day.

The busy hand,
The busy brain,
Bring honor to our happy land
And beautify our broad domain.
We must be fed
And housed and clad.
Toil linked with thought wins honest bread
And brings the peace that maketh glad.

The works of art,
In oil or stone,
Canvas touched with a human heart,
Marble genius hath breathed upon,
Silver and gold,
All wisely wrought
In forms and figures manifold,
Show the inventor's wondrous thought.

The world's a fair,
Workers are we;
Pray, what can we exhibit there
As proof of thoughtful industry?
At duty's call,
The poor and rich
Should work, great intellects and small,
Whether we ride or turn the switch.

The ships that sail,
The wheels that turn,
Engines that thunder on the rail,
Anvils that ring, forges that burn,
Cattle in herds,
And graceful steeds,
Speak better than our measured words
For toil that aims at useful deeds.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

A Frenchman, being afflicted with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism.

"One very great difference," replied *monsieur*. "Suppose you take one vise, you put your finger in, you turn de screw till you bear him no longer—dat is de rheumatis'; den s'pose you give him one turn more—dat is de gout."

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Some of the Brightest, most highly cultured and progressive women in the country live south of the Mason and Dixon's line—women who were born and reared under the old *régime* and have kept pace well with the *post-bellum* developments of the time. What will they say to the ludicrous prohibition embodied in a report recently presented to the Southern General Presbyterian Assembly in session at Macon, Ga. This report positively states the conclusion of its wisdom thus: "The session must absolutely enforce the injunction of Scripture forbidding women to speak in the churches (*I. Cor.* XIV:34) or in any way failing to observe that relative subordination to men that is taught in *I. Cor.* XI:13 and in other places." To be quite consistent, the good brethren should also enforce the context of the last quotation: "And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home," which would dissolve schools and colleges for women at once, and those women who were without husbands as well as those whose husbands have not the information to impart to their questioning wives would be forced to remain forever in ignorance. But fortunately there are wise men outside this particular convocation whose reverence for God's word is not less than theirs, and who understand that Paul's advice concerning the women of Corinth has no more application to American women of to-day than have various prohibitions to other churches of the day existing in the midst of corrupt heathen society. A woman who has a good word to say to her sisters or even to her brothers, has thereby God's right to say it, and may do it with such grace and modesty that her womanhood shall not be shamed or reproached.

Over the Border in Canada riotous children are receiving the attention of the authorities. In the last session of the Dominion Parliament an act was passed providing that at nine o'clock the curfew-bell shall be rung in all villages and towns throughout Canada, and that if any persons under seventeen years of age are found on the streets after that hour, they shall be locked up. Unless the parents can give a satisfactory explanation, they (the parents) are to be fined, imprisoned or compelled to send their children to a public institution where they will be cared for until the authorities shall see fit to let them out. The act is said to be meeting with great favor in the Dominion, and it will be interesting to notice its results. Perhaps our penitentiaries would have fewer sad stories to tell if some such curfew regulations were enforced on this side the border. Let us annex Canada by all means.

Chinese Laborers are so important to the success of the salmon canneries of Oregon that an enforcement of the Geary law would ruin the industry, at least, so say the proprietors. There are no white persons to do the work, and it is work that no white persons will do. As the canneries are worth some millions each year to the State, the Oregonians are naturally anxious to continue them and keep the Chinese.

To Miss Sophia Hayden, the architect of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, was recently accorded a reception by the Board of Lady Managers, to which many visiting ladies were invited. On the same occasion, a very large and elegant silver candelabrum was presented to the Building by the women of Nebraska. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker was among the guests.

A Beautiful Handkerchief, which was made for Queen Marie Antoinette, is on exhibition at the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. It is of the finest lawn, and a beautiful design of a hunting-scene was embroidered upon it by skilled work-women, who employed a microscope in doing the work, and two of them lost their eyesight while finishing it for the young queen.

A Typical South African household is thus described by Olive Schreiner: "The father, English; the mother, half Dutch with a French name; the governess, a Scotchwoman; the cook, a Zulu; the housemaid, a Hottentot; the stable-boy, a Kaffir, and the little girl who waits on the table, a Basuto."

Mrs. U. S. Grant and Mrs. Jefferson Davis are, singularly enough, spending the summer at the same hotel at West Point on the Hudson. Mrs. Grant made the first overtures toward an acquaintance, and was cordially received.

The proportion of criminals who cannot read or write as compared with those who are educated, is as eight to one, a fact which carries its own point, and shows that the schools are the bulwark of our country.

An encouraging Boston paper circulates the statement which, if reports are true, means more to Massachutts than to any other part of the country—that there are three million bachelors in the United States.

Gen. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, has nominated his daughter, La Marèchale Booth-Clibbon, to succeed him in command of the Salvation Army because, as he says, "women make the best rulers."

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the President's sister, has recently returned from a two years' visit to Palestine, Italy, Switzerland and England, and has brought back a quantity of literary material.

The three northern states of New England will receive government bounties amounting to seventy thousand dollars on this year's maple-sugar crop.

The largest shingle-mill on the Pacific coast is to be built at Tacoma, Washington, and it will turn out nearly a half-million shingles a day.

Thriving Minnesota is to erect a fine new capitol of Minnesota stone, at a cost of two million dollars.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

A Monkey's Small Ears.

In the middle of Africa—way in the heart of the country, where no white man except the great Mr. Stanley has ever gone—there lives a family of apes that have ears very much like the ears of a man. These apes, or monkeys, are very large, and if you were to see one of them a little way off, perhaps leaning against a lamp-post, you would take him to be a dark-complexioned gentleman, with large ears and short whiskers.

The colored men of Central Africa have a story which they tell about these apes, and which they think explains the fact of their having ears quite unlike the rest of their species. They say that when the Great One made the earth and put the animals in the center of Africa, these apes had long, awkward ears of which they were very much ashamed, as they were intelligent creatures and did not want such big ears. As years went by and the family of apes continued to grow wiser, their ears grew smaller. One day there was a meeting of all the monkeys of the forest and a terrible chattering went on all day and night. But these wise monkeys kept very quiet, listening to all that was said, and hoping to find out something which they did not know. And when the meeting was over and the next day had dawned their ears were small and shapely—just like a man's ears. This was their reward for silence.

A Baby at the North Pole.

When Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary left for the North Pole, some time ago, they took with them, besides good things to eat and plenty of fur robes, a little tin bath-tub and a baby's cradle. Besides these, there were ever so many baby's dresses and some little knitted shoes, which looked as if they would fit a little boy very much smaller than you are.

A baby's wardrobe and a cradle are queer things to take to the North Pole. Are they not? And what do you suppose that they are for? Why, for a baby, to be sure! Suppose, way up at the North Pole, where nobody has ever been, that Mrs. Peary should find a baby! And suppose that the baby had no clothes and no one to take care of it! Think what a sad thing it would be! Now, if Mrs. Peary finds such a baby at the North Pole, she can dress it in nice little dresses and can rock it to sleep in a little cradle. And when she returns to this country, two years from now, she will bring the baby along, and then you will all say: "How very fortunate that those clothes and that cradle went along!"

How to Candy Pop-Corn.

Pop an ear of corn or buy a little bag of pop-corn, and you have enough for six pop-corn balls, each as big as an orange.

Melt a cup of granulated sugar over the fire until it is all dissolved. You may have to add a tablespoonful of water to keep the sugar from burning. Roll the pop-corn in the melted sugar and then form into balls. You must be careful to preserve the shape. And you will have to keep dusting your hands with powdered sugar, so that you can handle the sticky kernals. Work patiently at the ball until it is round. Then set it away to harden in a cold place. But until you have made two or three of the balls, you will have to keep looking at them every few minutes, to be sure that you have squeezed them hard enough to make them hold their shape.

You will have to butter the plate on which you place your corn balls, as well as the pan in which you roll them. And you will find it very sticky work, though sweet, after all.

Prince George.

When Prince George, who has just married the Princess May, was a little boy, he was a very tiny little fellow. When he was born he weighed only four pounds, and it was not until he was five years old that he weighed twenty-five pounds. His mother, the beautiful Princess of Wales, was very anxious about him, because he was so small and delicate! She had a great many pictures taken of him, and all the pictures have been kept in an album, which will now be given to the Princess May. Twenty years ago, when Prince George was a little fellow, his grandmother, the queen, used to do a great deal of drawing. She made pictures of all her children and grandchildren! The picture which she made of little George represents him wearing a cap of white fur, with a fur collar around his neck. He looks very much like a little girl. The prince, now that he is grown and married, must laugh at the little old pictures which are in his mother's album!

Princess May's Horses.

The Princess May, who married Prince George, of England, a short time ago, drives out every day in a cunning little phaeton drawn by two cream-white horses. These horses were a wedding present to her from Queen Victoria. The queen has a large stable full of cream-colored horses. These horses are called "the royal steed," because no one besides the queen owns any just the same color and size. The people of England who are very fond of the pretty, young princess, who will some day become their queen, are very glad that she drives these cream-white ponies, because now they can recognize her a long way off, and can lean from their windows and wave their handkerchiefs when she passes and even go out on the side-walks and cheer for her as she drives by.

Correspondence

About Travelling.—M. I. K. writes for some hints about travelling as she is going a journey this summer, and the following is in answer to her request also to several correspondents who have asked similar questions: Whether one may find it to advantage to send baggage by express or to have it checked depends upon circumstances. If you live in a place near the terminus of the main line over which you are to travel, it is, as a rule, the most convenient and certain way to put the luggage into the hands of the express company, at your station, and have it delivered to the trunk line and by them checked to its destination. They will give you a check that you will present when you arrive at your journey's end. You can check baggage to almost any point for which you can buy a ticket and need have no further care of it, either in the city where you transfer or elsewhere. If you send it one or two trains ahead of you it will be quite sure to be awaiting you on your arrival. Unless your valise is very light and you have some one to assist you in carrying your various belongings, it is much better to have it checked than to take it in the car with you. It is, however, well to have in some small bag or satchel a few of the more necessary toilet articles. Should you wish to have your trunks go by check from your nearest station, you can probably have them sent that way and check them through. All large stations have long-distance tickets, or if not, the agent will get them for you. For this and the checking there is no charge beyond the price of your first-class ticket. If you care to go to the additional expense of having your luggage go by express, you will unquestionably get it with less trouble and more dispatch than if it is checked and goes through the regular channels. It is scarcely more expensive to stop over at a good hotel than to pay sleeping-car fare. Of course, the charges vary with the distance and the train. The exact cost will be given you by asking or writing to the ticket-office and giving your residence and destination. You should provide yourself with a good dust-wrap and wear a vail. A fine silk handkerchief tied around the throat keeps dust out as well as anything. If you are in the sleeping-car over night, tie a silk handkerchief around your head turban fashion. This will protect the hair from dust. Do not worry. Take everything as it comes, believing that the railroad officials are quite as anxious to deliver you safely at your journey's end as you can possibly be to get there, and make up your mind to have a pleasant and profitable journey.

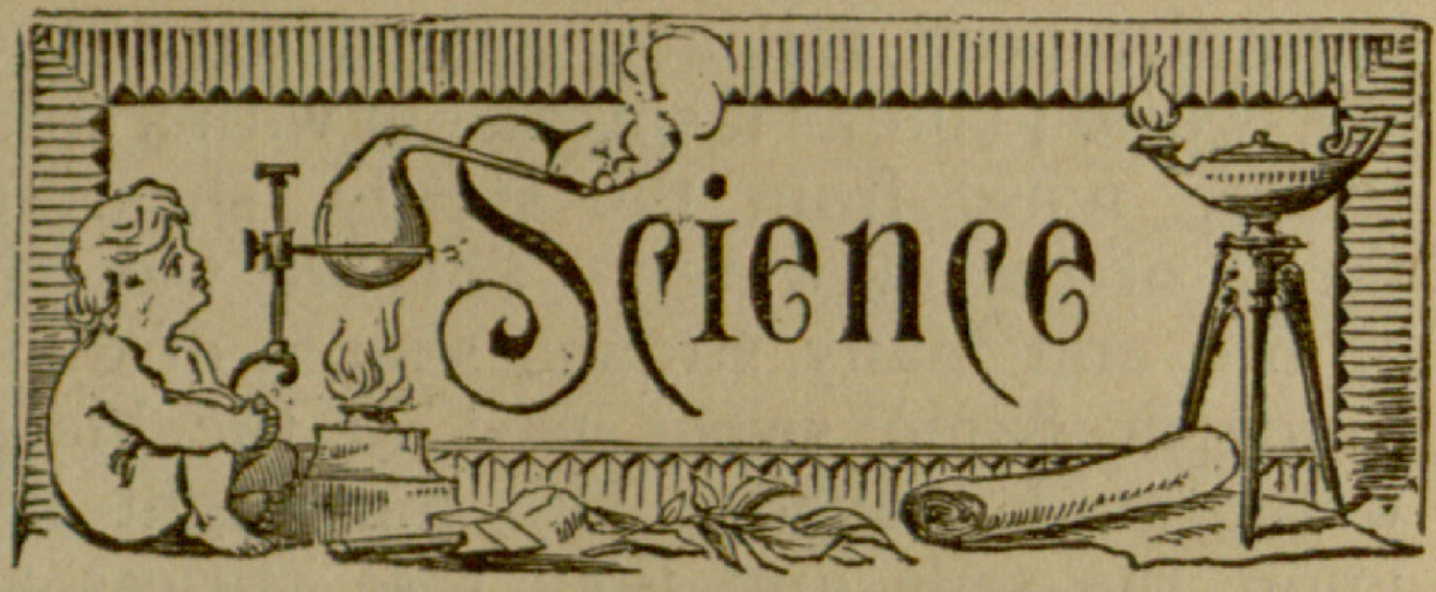
Malcolm Bell.—Alice writes: "Can you tell me anything about Malcolm Bell, the author of 'Was She Wife or Widow?' which you publish?" *Answer:* Malcolm Henry Bell is the second son of Clara Bell, the translator of many novels by Ebers and other authors, and younger brother of E. Hamilton Bell, the artist. He was born in London, England, March 4, 1859; was educated at All-Hallows Grammar-School, Honiton, Devon, and University College, London. He studied art for some years in London and Antwerp, but while working as assistant to his uncle, E. J. Poynter, R. A., in 1884, abandoned the hope of making a livelihood in that difficult profession, and accepted an offer to appear at a London theatre. He has twice visited America, once in 1886 with Miss Rosina Vokes; again in 1890, under engagement to Richard Mansfield, but trouble over the contract kept him in New York until the law-courts decided an action for damages in his favor, during which time he worked for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar* and the *Christian Union*. His first work, "His Fatal Success," was published in 1889, and was followed by "Roanoke of Roanoke Hall" and "Was She Wife or Widow?" published by Robert Bonner's Sons, and a monograph on E. Burne-Jones. Mr. Bell has written several plays, one of which, "Rogues and Vagabonds," still forms part of Miss Julia Marlowe's *répertoire*, and various short stories.

The Key-Note of a Structure.—Delphian asks for some information on the subject of key-notes, as he has read that a structure may be destroyed by finding its key-note. *Answer:* The story doubtless rests upon the following account given by Southwick. A bridge had been erected at considerable expense near Bristol, England, when a fiddler boasted that he could destroy in a week what it had taken many months to build. The people scoffed at him, but he played until he found the key-note of the keystone of the bridge, and when the latter began to quiver, the people begged him to stop. It has been suggested that the destruction of the walls of Jericho may have been achieved by the Israelites having found their key-note in their daily processions around the city.

Frozen Fog.—Incredulous asks if there is any truth in the statement that the air sometimes becomes so filled with frost that it is dangerous to breathe it. *Answer:* In some parts of Nevada it is said that the sudden lowering of the temperature causes the moisture about the mountain-tops to form into ice in slender spines, like fine needles. To breathe this ice-charged air is thought to be certain death. Therefore, when such conditions occur, Indians and white men rush for shelter, covering their mouths and noses with something that will as nearly as possible shut out the ice-laden atmosphere but permit enough breath to sustain life.

Coin Premium.—E. D. F. writes: "Will you advise me whether there is a premium on the silver half-dollar of 1837?" *Answer:* Some coin-dealers pay a premium of five cents for the coin.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*



Science

Moral Qualities Among Animals. Pelicans fish in common, driving the fish toward each other by turns. Buffaloes, on the approach of danger, take the weak and young into the middle of the herd, and the bulls will often defend a herd when they could easily have saved themselves by flight. Brehm relates the case of a young monkey who defended an old and decrepid one against a number of dogs at the risk of his own life. Captain Stansbury noticed a pelican in the lake of Utha, which was quite blind and old, yet apparently very fat. He watched the bird, and found that it was fed by others younger than itself. Professor Agassiz has pointed out the conscientiousness in dogs; and indeed their faithfulness toward their masters is not sufficiently regarded. Sir John Lubbock has watched the life of the ants. He says that he never saw an ant permit one of its own species to meet with a mishap without assisting it, and that wounded ants are carefully taken home to the ant-hill. When the fighting ants attack a common enemy, it is only reasonable to suppose that a sense of duty leads them to forget danger. . . . "It is very probable that the sense of responsibility is more developed in animals that live in large communities than in those which live in pairs or singly," asserts a writer in *Espana Moderna*. "It is difficult for us to determine the conception of right and wrong among the animals, because we have as yet no means of communicating with them." But the fact that we are unable to arrive at a just comprehension of the moral state of the animal world does not prove that the animals are entirely lacking in moral qualities.

"The Inca's Eyes." In August, 1868, an American ship, the *Kearsarge*, was within three miles of the Peruvian shore when an earthquake took place. Officers from the ship, after aiding the inhabitants, set about investigating the attendant phenomena, and discovered a tomb with several Peruvian mummies which the earthquake had laid bare. These mummies, as is generally known, are simply dried up, as in the great St. Bernhard and certain Italian cloisters. On removing the bandages from the head, there fell out two hard, oval bodies, flattened at one end, the material being arranged in concentric layers around a central kernel or nucleus. These were the-so-called Inca's eyes. These have now been tested by W. S. Miller, who concluded at first that they were composed of amber. After soaking them awhile in glycerine, a microscopic examination showed that they were the eyes of some animal. There was still no clew to its identity, but after a part of one eye had been soaked in distilled water a few days, it emitted a fishy smell. This was an indication which led to its identification as the eye of a cuttle-fish—a fish very common on the coast of Peru.

A Fever Annunciator. The Paris correspondent of the *Lancet* describes an apparatus of late invention for registering rises of bodily temperature. A small metallic bulb half filled with ether is sealed by a corrugated cover. When the bodily temperature rises so as to expand the ether vapor sufficiently, the cover is straightened out by the pressure and made to close an electric circuit that works a bell. It is said that M. Tavernier, the inventor, cherishes the project of fitting up hospital wards with these bulbs, each of which, secured in a patient's axilla, shall operate a numbered bell in the interne's room, after the manner of hotel annunciators. By this means it is expected a sudden and dangerous rise of temperature in any particular case may at once be brought to the interne's notice. If this can be done, much time may be saved in dealing with such patients.

According to a French scientist, acetic acid and the comma bacillus of Asiatic cholera do not live together in amity. After a maximum sojourn of fifteen minutes in vinegar, containing from 22 to 32 per cent. of acetic acid, the bacillus is said to perish. Vinegar of this strength, saturated with pure cultures of the cholera bacillus, can, after an interval of fifteen minutes, be inoculated without danger into animals, or be eaten with impunity by human beings. This statement is based on numerous experiments. Salad eaters may, by using much vinegar in the dressing, consume their favorite dish without injury from the dreaded bacillus.

Of the energy in a pound of coal when burned, only a little more than one per cent. is actually utilized in moving a passenger, and under one per cent. is utilized in incandescent electric-lighting. The rest goes out in friction and waste. Electricians say that the great problem of the coming century is to save a third or a half of the wasted ninety-nine per cent. In that case, according to some calculators, electric street-railway companies may be able to carry passengers fifty miles for two cents and still declare large dividends.

Much is said about the danger of drinking ice-water, with the thermometer at 97° F. It may be well to say that ice-water, *slowly* drunk, and not at meals, in moderate quantities, is a great boon to the overheated and thirsty man, and is almost a necessity in this summer climate.

A new product of coal-tar distillation known as naphthaline is found to be available for preservation of valuable woods and beams. The wood is soaked for eight or nine hours in melted naphthaline at a temperature of 200° Fahrenheit.

The New York State Fish Commissioners hope to distribute at least 2,500,000 young lobsters this season, hatched from lobster eggs.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. The whirligig of time is fast bringing us around to the polonaise, princess, quilted petticoat and open-front skirt, with heavily trimmed edges finished with galloon, embroidery, beadwork or some of the rather stiff and firm garnitures that will no doubt remain in style as decorations for the old-time-looking dresses that are promised us. Among the new models from Paris are dresses that suggest the dowager and the court reception. Metal brocades, heavy-figured satins, materials that in body and figure combine all of the peculiarities of brocade, ottoman, satin, velvet and plush, and some regal-looking stuffs with threads of shot metal, are coming to tempt the fashionable and wealthy buyer by their beauty.

The short skirt for the street is again a settled fact, and there are models for informal out-of-door wear, useful dresses and shopping costumes that are so short that they are almost out of danger of contact with the mud of the streets.

The bell-skirt still continues the favorite. That with the bias seam in the back is usually preferred, although the bias back, with a single umbrella-gore, is sometimes seen. House-dresses are specially noted for the softness of material, the graceful folds of the skirt, the fullness of the sleeves between shoulders and elbows, a gradual but withal decidedly perceptible diminution of shoulder ruffles, an abundance of shirrings, puffs and fluffy plaitings about the yoke and shoulders and enormously high, dreadfully uncomfortable-looking collars.

There is great variety in the jacket front seen on dresses of all sorts. The Eton idea runs into all grades of fabric; and for all occasions, from the simple serge suit to the most superb brocade, these jacket fronts are in favor. Some dresses have fronts of almost solid wrought-metal threads heavy and formal as the decorations on an officer's coat. Whether or not they are becoming depends largely on the woman who wears them.

A dress of silver-blue brocade is made with an open front with panel of plain blue satin edged with embroidered lace. Down the edges of the front, where they overlap the plain panel, are bands of silver-wrought embroidery. The same trimming edges the long train; there is a jacket front of wrought silver with high collar similarly finished, and a sort of epaulet arrangement over very full sleeves of plain satin. A sash of the softest silk is draped around the edge of the bodice, looped at one side and with long ends falling over the skirt. The ends are embroidered to match the panel at the front, and the sash is so draped that the fringe on the ends falls diagonally across the skirt.

The fashion of panels at the front and sides of the skirts seems to be fully accepted for the coming season and will, it is evident, appear in materials of almost all grades. Those in silks and velvets are of extreme elegance. There is no style of skirt that is as becoming to women of all figures as that with these panels properly arranged. Among the simpler styles are fronts with bands of bias material edged with rows of fringe or other flat garniture. A skirt of camel's hair has a panel almost the entire width of the front breadth. Across this are three folds, dividing the distance from hem to belt. As a heading for these folds, an inch-wide bias-fold of velvet is used, and below the folds are bands of very fine braid. The remainder of the skirt is plain, the sides being turned in and falling flat over the panel toward the middle of the front.

The fashions for the coming season promise to be of a rather formal characteristic. Heavier, stiffer materials are to be used, and although they will not supersede the soft and diaphanous goods at present so much in favor, their introduction marks the beginning of a new departure.

Fashion Notes. The rage for jet seems never to have run to greater extremes than at present. Fine jet trimmings are used on handsome suits of silk, satin and velvet. The more elaborate the better in some cases. A front and side panel are nearly covered and the jacket fronts, collar and vest are as elaborate as skill and fine material can make them.

A stylish costume of clairette has a plain skirt with three deep tucks; collar, cuffs and yoke of passementerie, bishop sleeves and a surplice front, one end of which is left with a long section that drapes around the waist with a sash with single end at the side opposite that encircled by the folds of the long front.

A very attractive dress for a miss is of striped chally. The skirt is made with groups of tucks, there is a draped overskirt edged with lace, a flat yoke and collar, also of lace, a group of tucks across the front below the yoke, full leg-o'-mutton sleeves with five-inch-wide tucks forming a cuff and a wide, flat belt.

Sleeves have more fullness at the elbows than at the shoulders. Some of the most admired dresses have bishop sleeves with fitted cuffs, buttoned all the way up and elaborately trimmed with embroidery, braiding or passementerie.

A new blouse has yoke and sleeves of lace-striped grenadine; the body, which is shirred into the yoke, is of plain grenadine matching the ground of the striped goods.

A pretty hat is of open-work straw with trimming of grayish brown gauze in large loops and knots with shaded quill-feathers.

The sailor-hat has evidently come to stay. Age, color or previous condition of servitude is no bar to its adoption.

Round hats of chip with tissue or chiffon scarf are popular for young ladies.

A Point for Housekeepers. It is one of the peculiarly unpleasant incidents of life to sit down in the midst of one's guests and, after serving some delicious fruit, find certain forms of insect life meandering about it with an air of the utmost unconcern. Although this is by no means an unusual circumstance, it is one for which the housekeeper can scarcely be held responsible, especially in blueberries, raspberries and similar fruits, where there are open ends in which insects may very easily curl themselves up and could not be detected save by the most critical examination of each berry. It is not generally understood that these unwelcome guests can be gotten rid of in an easy and effectual way. As soon as the fruit is brought in, scatter over it a quantity of table-salt. A small handful to a quart of berries is not too much. Very gently shake the berries about until all of them have come in contact with the salt, then pour on water sufficient to cover them, let them stand for one or two minutes; then hold them under the faucet or very gently pour water into the dish, allowing it to run out until all of the salt is removed. This is most easily done by having the fruit in a colander placed in a deep pan. The collander may be gently raised and lowered which rinses the fruit without the least danger of bruising it. After a few minutes all traces of salt will have disappeared and with it the last vestige of insect life. It may also be said that berries that have been through the markets are in this way cleared of any floating disease germs that may have lodged upon them with the dust of the streets.

In certain families every particle of fruit of every sort is put through a salt-water bath the moment it comes into the house, and none is allowed to be eaten until it has been put through this purifying process. If the fruit is fit to eat, the salt and water will not harm it. If it is so crushed and broken that the juice comes out of it, it is in scarcely proper condition for food, as in this case it can absorb and retain every form of bacilli that floats in the atmosphere.

This sounds very much like heresy and flying in the face of tradition; but tradition in itself amounts to nothing whatever when it has not common sense, reason and hygienic results to sustain it. That a thing has been from generation to generation is the poorest reason in the world for sticking to it, when all wise experiments have demonstrated that there is a new and better way.

Building a Sick-Room. Every large family would be the gainer by having a special room in case of sickness. Just how and where this should be situated depends altogether on circumstances. If it is a large family with pleanty of means, it is recommended that the room should be in the top of the house and in the southeast corner, with large windows, a pleasant outlook and an abundance of sunlight and air. Every necessary appliance should be at hand. Water and drainage are among the most important. One country family, where modern sanitary ideas are very well carried out, has a room built at the top of the house with the effect of a large square tower. This room has a register pipe, a water tank and a drainage pipe, which is connected with an independent cesspool far out of reach of the yard or garden, and itself with drainage into porous sub-soil. Any illness that seems at all obscure is a signal for removing the patient to the tower-chamber, which is voted the most delightful room in the house. A force-pump supplies an abundance of water. There are a bath-tub, closets and all the requirements of the invalid's apartment. This tower, being practically a fourth story of the house, has been arranged with a lift, operated by strong pulleys and heavy weights. There are four pulleys, one at each corner of the box, which is in dumb-waiter fashion. If the caretaker is a heavy person there are extra weights to attach, and there is also a cord and a tackle-pulley from the middle of the box to a strong cross-beam in the roof and a corresponding one below. By this means the speed and lifting capacity of the appliance are easily controlled. The cost of the thing is a mere trifle compared with its convenience; and as in one corner of the box there is a rack for a tray, it is easy to do all the necessary running up- and down-stairs.

A well-adjusted bell from the sick-room to the sitting-room below has a cord within reach of the sick person's hand. This room is available not only for the actual sick, but for the weary one who wants to get away from noise, and who goes up, fastens her jaunting-car and locks her door with a sense of comparative security from interruption. It is not only the invalid's room, but in days of health the restful annex for several members of a large and busy household.

Meet Him With a Smile. "Yes, my dear," said grandma the other day to her favorite granddaughter. "It is perfectly right and proper that you always meet your husband with a smile. Certainly you should never meet him with a frown, even though he deserve it as—pardon me, my love—he very often does. I do not know what Harry would do or how he would act if you followed his example at the family board. I have been at your house just six weeks, and in all that time I think there have been two dinners when the man of the house was courteous and agreeable all the way through. I have thought it might do well for you to follow his example for a while and see what the effect will be. When he comes in and says that that stupid driver has just ruined one of his best horses, and that one of the clerks sold a bill of goods to a man who will very likely never pay for them, why don't you turn around and tell him that it is really too bad that he has that sort of trouble, but Bridget has just broken your hand-painted china soup-tureen, and somebody has let the water run over in one of the basins upstairs, and everything in one of the store-closets is just about ruined. Smile when you say it, be just as sweet and pleasant about it as you can, but say it. Store up the unpleasant incidents and mishaps of the day in a private little cupboard and keep the key turned on them until Henry opens upon the disasters to business, then match incident for incident just as nearly as you can, and drop the subject altogether unless he continues.

"I do not see why his clerk's stupidity or the driver's carelessness should be permitted to cloud the sunshine of the home for even one single meal-time, to say nothing of doing this thing week after week and year after year. Every family should be trained to keep its grievances out of sight, especially should this be done at mealtime. There is nothing more depressing and wearisome than the continual dragging-in of unpleasantnesses while one is at table."

A Kitchen Annex. In these days of minor luxuries, when personal comfort is a fine art and labor- and worry-saving are reduced to a science, every appliance, invention or arrangement that tends toward the health, ease or pleasure of the family is well worth looking after. It seems as though reform began at the front-gate and travelled very slowly toward the back-yard. But once in a while, by some lucky hit, accident or inspiration, one comes upon an arrangement that suggests a wide field for thought and gives points for some charming improvements about the house.

In one of the outlying suburban districts of New York there is an old farm-house that has an ideal kitchen annex. Out from the room is a porch about five feet wide by ten in length. From this, extending back and to one side, somebody in the good old days of long ago had put out a row of cedar-posts reaching about seven or eight feet above the ground level. These posts took in a space something like twenty-five by thirty feet in extent. From a large post set in the middle of this area cross poles ran in every direction to the side posts, where they were securely fastened; then smaller poles were interwoven to form a sort of rustic lattice roof. Around the sides heavy fence wire was strung and fastened with strong staples. At intervals there were poles nailed to the posts and over these and up over the rustic roof clambered the most luxuriant grape vines that one could imagine.

One day in autumn a visitor to this place found hundreds of enormous clusters of grapes hanging down through the lattice and drooping over the wire-covered sides of this improvised kitchen-extension. The foliage was so thick that only in the heaviest rains did the water ever strike the floor which was made of plank and cobble-stones laid in cement.

In this snug retreat the men of the farm gathered to smoke which effectually kept away the insects from the vines; here was the well the surplus water from which furnished abundance of moisture; and as, during warm weather, the laundry work was all done either under this leafy shade or on the porch, it was the most convenient thing imaginable to pour the soap-suds over the roots of the vines. Thus this delightful arbor flourished from the habits of the family, and repaid a thousand-fold the original investment and the little care that was given it each spring in the way of spading the ground and adding liberal coatings of fertilizer and mulching. And hundreds of pounds of grapes were gathered from this vine every year.

Any family may have with very little time, labor and expense this same luxury, if only a little thought is given to providing it. The posts should be strong, four or five will be plenty, the sides may be inclosed with strong wire fence netting, and a few wires will make a good roof. The vines should be the largest and strongest that can be bought. It is much cheaper to purchase these and realize almost immediately on the investment, than to buy little feeble ones and wait years before they grow large enough to throw out even a single blossom.

Fresh-Air Homes. It would be a good idea for every community or every small suburban village to make up a club and provide by means of suitable entertainments funds to defray the expenses of fresh-air outings. Then let the missions in the city provide a matron who shall be in a certain degree responsible for the little ones. An experienced teacher would be the best, and it is often the case that the teacher herself would greatly enjoy such an outing. Some woman may be the mother of some of the children who are taken out, or other suitable person who would be glad to go. The cities are full of women who would be delighted to take such a responsibility. It would be an easy matter to establish a permanent institution of this sort in every suburban town. During the winter there could be one or more entertainments with this object; then, when outing time came, everything would be ready, and no confusion or delay would be experienced. The little children of almost any community would take delight in providing flowers for the little home; almost any farmer would send in an occasional contribution of fruit and vegetables, and the place would grow to be looked upon as one of the regular institutions of the community.

One Sort of Economy. "For a good many years I was continually vexed by having the hems of my skirts draw in every time I got caught in the rain," said a woman of good taste, who has most of her dressmaking done at home. "I used to have to take off my braids and facings and renew them, and was annoyed and apprehensive lest I should get caught in the wet. It took me a good many years to find out the trouble and discover a remedy, but I have found it, and the finding has saved me no end of work and worry. I was brought up to do my stitching on heavy seams and facings and the putting-on of braids with cotton for the under-thread on my sewing machine, and this little bit of economy was the root and foundation of my vexation. Every time the dress got damp those cotton threads drew up until the goods were a mass of ripples and crinkles. The goods did not shrink, and I could not discover that the lining did; at least it never did so the second time. By a series of experiments I found that the fault lay entirely in the thread, and as a matter of course it took me but a little while to make up my mind that no more cotton thread went into the skirts of my dress. One ordinary sized spool of silk will make a skirt, and it seems to me the extreme of folly to spend hours in refitting and repairing for the sake of the trifling cost of a single spool of machine-twist. Facing, braid, ruffle, trimming—everything is done with heavy silk; and with the unshrinkable goods, such as Priestley Henriettas, which are my favorite dresses for hard service, I can go out and defy rain and dampness.

"The moral of all this is that it is cheaper to use reliable materials than to have to repair or make over dresses every new moon."

Simple Remedies. Whoever gives profound study to that passage of Holy Writ that says that the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations, must have wondered why it is that the root-and-herb doctor, who formerly was so much the fashion, has come to be spoken of with sentiments akin to contempt, and the "old woman's remedies," which were for the most part of the simples of the field, have fallen into such disrepute. It must be that the white light of scientific research has withered the herbs and leaves, and that the old woman, lacking the ability to give the chemical properties of her concoction, has come to be regarded as a humbug and unworthy of even the least little bit of public confidence. Certain it is, however, that the simples of life are in many cases much more effective than the highly concentrated elixirs, triturations and fluid extracts of the modern laboratory, and often give relief when the resources of the medical profession have been exhausted.

The man who dipped seven times in the Jordan may have been healed by simple bathing, and those who seek a remedy for their ills in the leaves of the forest, have only gone back to the first principles of medicine.

It is a noteworthy fact that this science has made less progress during the last hundred years than almost any other; indeed, medicine and theology are the two laggards in the race for improvement. Tradition hampers both, and bigotry is as rampant and as cruel in the one as in the other. The average physician of the day would sneer at the ideas of cures performed by some of the simple remedies known to every household, and probably would dispute the efficacy of such applications. He would be unwilling to admit that the cranberry is an almost sovereign cure for certain forms of erysipelas, and that grated potato has cured cases of rheumatism that have for years baffled the skill of physicians. This latter remedy, by the way, is much more efficacious than those who have never tried would be willing to believe. It is only necessary to grate or crush the potato to a pulp, or in absence of other means, slice it very thin and apply in the form of a poultice to the affected part. It is not claimed that it will eradicate the disease from the system but that it gives instant relief and is, in certain families, in regular use for this purpose.

Quaker Omelet. When care is taken in preparing, this is a handsome and sure dish. Three eggs, half a cupful of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter. Put the omelet-pan and a cover that will fit closely on to heat. Beat well together the yolks of the eggs, the corn-starch and the salt; beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the well beaten yolks and corn-starch. Stir all together thoroughly and add the milk. Put the butter in the hot pan; when melted pour in the mixture, cover and place on the stove where it will brown but not burn. Cook about seven minutes, fold, turn on a hot dish and serve with cream sauce poured around it. If the yolks and corn-starch are thoroughly beaten, and if, when the stiff whites are added, they are well mixed, and the cover and pan are very hot, there can hardly be failure.

Shepherds' Pie. Cut into dice one quart of any kind of cold meat. Mince very fine two tablespoonfuls of salt pork, and add to the meat. Pare and cut into dice four large uncooked potatoes; grate or chop fine one onion; chop fine one tablespoonful of parsley. Mix and season well with salt and pepper, and add a large cupful of water. Put in a deep earthen dish. Make a paste with four potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a large cupful of boiling milk and a pint of flour. Pare, boil and mash the potatoes; then add butter, salt and milk. When all is very light, beat in the flour gradually. Sprinkle the board with flour and roll the paste a little larger than the dish. Make a hole in the center to let out the air. Cover the dish with the paste, being careful to have the edge come inside the dish. Bake gently one hour.

Fairy Gingerbread. One cupful of butter, two of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar, gradually, and when very light, the ginger, the milk in which the soda has been dissolved, and finally the flour. Turn baking-pans upside down and wipe the bottoms very clean. Butter them and spread the cake mixture very thin on them. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. While still *hot* cut into squares with a case-knife and slip from the pan. Keep in a tin box. This is delicious. With the quantities given, a large dish of gingerbread can be made. It must be spread on the bottom of the pan as thin as a wafer, and cut the moment it comes from the oven.

THE BROKEN SHAFT.

AN ADVENTURE IN MID-OCEAN.

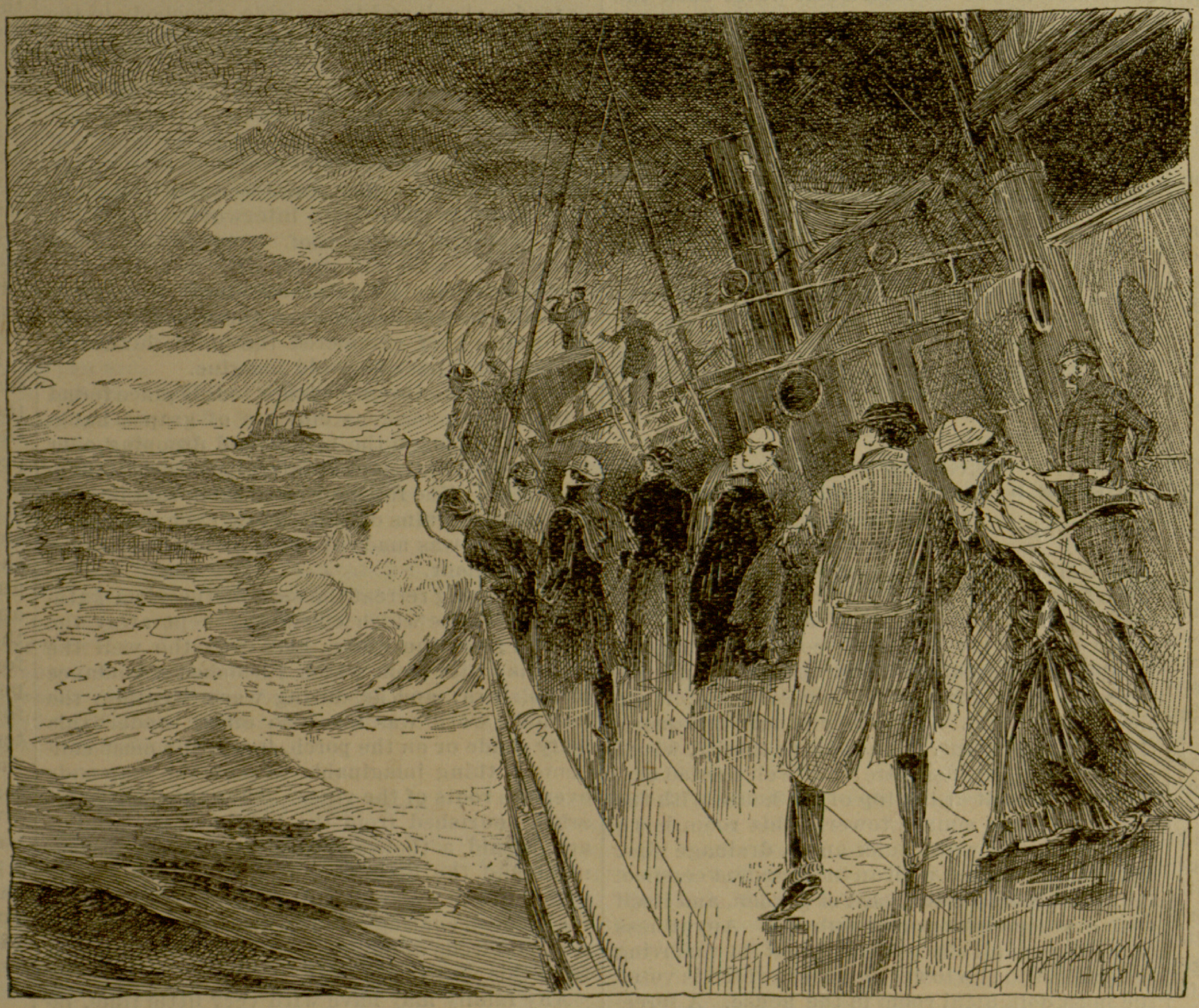
BY FREDERIC REDDALL.

On a gusty and dusty Saturday in March, the ocean grayhound *Hungaria* lay alongside one of the dingy, down-town, North River piers in New York, ready to sail for Liverpool. Steam was up; the mail-bags had been tossed aboard and locked in the mail-room; the last loads of perishable provisions for the cabin tables were safely stored in the ice-chests, and the friends of the passengers who had come to say good-bye were streaming over the side and down the steeply inclined gangway. The all-ashore bell had rung, and at a hoarse toot of the great whistle the hawsers at bow and stern were cast off, and slowly and majestically the massive fabric moved, stern foremost, into the stream. Soon the *Hungaria's* prow was cleaving the crisp wavelets of the Upper Bay, and what was to prove a most eventful voyage was fairly begun.

We were a goodly company aboard that stout Atlantic liner, a hundred souls in the cabin and a hundred and fifty more in the steerage, some going to the Old World on business and others on pleasure bent. Of course everybody hoped for a quick run; some rash ones even wagered that we would eat the second Sunday's dinner in Liverpool; but at that season of the year the old stagers knew it would be unwise to expect an exceptionally fast passage.

For the first three days, until well across the banks, fair skies and mild, spring-like weather smiled on our path through the heaving waters. The year was yet too young for icebergs to be met so far south; less fog than usual bothered us off the Newfoundland coast, and it seemed then as if we were to be blessed with a peaceful and an uneventful passage.

But on the fourth morning after leaving New York, we awoke to find ourselves aboard a storm-tossed ship, amid lowering skies, hissing rain, howling winds and mountainous surges. All that day the fury of the northeasterly gale increased, and at nightfall the *Hungaria* was hove to, her head pointing in the direction of the wind and waves, and with the engines slowed down to half-speed, so as to keep the vessel from drifting astern or falling into the trough of the sea. There was no danger, said Captain Burton and his officers; 'twas but a hard gale, and we believed him. So, though sleep was for many eyes out of the question, we retired to our several state-rooms, there to lie awake for hours listening to the shrill note of the gale, to the thunderous beating of the heavy seas and to the pelting of the fierce downpour of rain.



ALL ON BOARD KNEW AT ONCE THAT THE CABLE HAD PARTED.

Toward morning the storm broke, and when the breakfast-gong sounded, those of the passengers who were not too ill from the effects of the night's nauseating heaving and rolling, were greeted by a breezy and sun-flecked sky, and found the *Hungaria,* though still tossing in an angry sea, plowing ahead on her course again. We assembled around the long saloon tables in excellent spirits. Captain Burton, who had not left the steamer's bridge all night, was in his accustomed seat, looking little the worse for his vigil, and jest and laughter rippled from lip to lip.

Suddenly there was an ominous shock and a rumbling that seemed to proceed from beneath our feet, while the ship trembled from stem to stern. The captain paused, cup in hand, to listen, then hurriedly left the table. The onward motion of the steamer seemed suddenly checked. We could feel, by the absence of all tremor, that the engines were not working. The idle steam poured hoarsely from the escape-pipes, and the *Hungaria* was slowly but surely settling, broadside on, to the heaving heights and hollows of the still stormy Atlantic sea.

What had happened? All sorts of rumors were flying about the ship, and the upper deck presented an array of white and anxious faces, but there was none to answer our questions. Sounds of hammering were audible from below deck, but these soon ceased. In about half an hour the seamen proceeded to hoist every stitch of canvas, and then a glimmering of the truth presented itself.

As soon as the captain's gold-laced cap showed itself above the companion-ladder leading to the engine-room, he was surrounded by half a hundred human interrogation points. His ruddy face was unusually pale, but with a cheery smile he requested all to step into the main saloon. There, standing cap in hand, under the great skylight, he said:

"I am sorry to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that our main shaft has broken about ten feet forward of the stern-post, owing, I presume, to some strain received during the gale just past. It is impossible to repair the damage, and our only course is to proceed under sail, trusting that another steamer may heave in sight which will be willing to tow us in. The ship is otherwise uninjured, and beyond the unavoidable detention I believe you will suffer little inconvenience."

When he had ceased speaking, there poured in a volley of questions, to all of which he gave patient attention; but there was little more to be learned.

The great iron shaft, as big around as a flour-barrel, had snapped in twain about ten feet from the propeller. The rumbling and trembling we had heard and felt when at table was caused by the "racing" of the engines when they were relieved from the strain of revolving the massive screw, which now hung inert and useless under our stern. Even had it been possible to get at the fracture (which was out of the question, as the main shaft runs in a long tube named the shaft tunnel), it would have been impossible to reunite the disjointed parts. Thus crippled, the noble fabric, whose hold was crammed with costly machinery, was well-nigh as helpless as a log.

"We must just grin and bear it," was the philosophical conclusion to which most of us came.

Then began a tedious time of waiting. Our sails proved far too small to propel the *Hungaria's* vast bulk in anything short of a gale of wind astern; and on looking over the side one could perceive that for every foot of forward progress we were drifting three feet to leeward on the send of the seas. The wind, too, was falling, and by sunset there was not air enough to keep our sails full, the heavy canvas flapping against the spars at every roll of the long and narrow hull.

When night fell, our serious plight became more manifest and the full peril of our helpless condition in case of a threatened collision came home to every heart. True, our red and green side-lights were burning bravely, and, with the yellow haze from the binnacle and the saloon lamps, sent shafts of cheerful radiance into the blackness on either hand. But instead of the white mast-head light (which all steamers carry to distinguish them from sailing-ships), the quartermaster hoisted on the foremast, above the topgallant yard, three white lights, one above the other.

"For," said the second officer, "we are now neither a steamship nor a sailing-vessel, but a disabled steamer."

Three days passed. Fortunately the weather remained calm, but we were steadily drifting to the south'ard under the influence of the light northeasterly breeze. In all this time not a steamer hove in sight, though half a dozen sailing craft, bound east and west, passed within three or four miles. But none of them stopped, and a vigorous fluttering and hoisting of the pennants of Marryatt's code, asking them to report us, was all that resulted from their coming. But before any of them could reach port and a steamer be sent to our assistance, the *Hungaria* and her passengers might be at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Our plight was most serious. We were over seven hundred miles from the Irish coast, the nearest land, and unless help came soon, even if our disabled ship kept afloat, we must starve. This was the fate that confronted us, despite the cheerful faces the captain and his officers strove to wear in the passengers' presence. It took a goodly pile of provisions to feed three times daily a ship's company of three hundred and fifty souls, counting the crew, and already we missed some of the minor delicacies from the cabin table.

On the eighth day after leaving New York—Saturday again—a flutter of hope was aroused by sighting a steamer's smoke to the northward, but she passed us, hull down, behind the watery horizon; and so the ninth day broke—the Sunday on which we were to have eaten our dinner in Liverpool—and found the *Hungaria* still aimlessly drifting upon that boundless sea, miles away from her true course.

For the second time church-service was held in the main-saloon, and especially fervent prayers for our deliverance ascended to Him who watches over those that go down to the sea in ships. The day wore on monotonously and wearily. The barometers gave indications of a change in the weather, and that, too, for the worse.

But about three o'clock in the afternoon every soul on board was electrified by the cry of "Sail ho!" Rushing on deck we saw about five miles away, right in the track of the red and angry setting sun, a steamer heading straight for us. She was bound east, that was clear, but would she undertake the job of towing us? Anxiously we awaited until she slowed up abreast of the *Hungaria*, and could scarcely restrain our impatience while the necessary signaling took place.

At length came the wished-for response. The stranger, which proved to be the *Devonshire*, a "tramp" freight steamer bound from Baltimore for London, would tow us as far as the Channel, wind and weather permitting, the terms of salvage to be settled by the owners of the two vessels on shore. A shout of relief went up from our crowded decks at this intelligence.

Then followed preparations for that most thrilling of all incidents—a towing job at sea. It was now fully four o'clock, and the brief spring twilight would soon be upon us. Moreover, a storm was brewing; the easterly breeze came in fitful puffs, each stronger than the last, and it bid fair to blow great guns before morning; so that the need of haste was apparent to all concerned.

One of the *Hungaria's* boats was lowered, and carried a line to the *Devonshire*, which now lay about an eighth of a mile ahead. By means of this a stout manilla cable was got over the side, and to this latter in turn was bent the bight of a steel-wire hawser. It takes only a few pen strokes to tell it, but night had fallen ere the hawser was in position and the *Devonshire* started slowly ahead. As the cable lifted from the waves and tautened, and our lamed ship felt the strain and began once more to cleave the waters, we all breathed more freely, and with much lighter hearts went below to dinner.

All that night and the next day and night the *Devonshire* held bravely to her difficult task. By Tuesday morning, however, the long-threatened gale broke with fury, and the pitching and tossing of the vessels were terrible to behold. All our hopes and fears were now centered in the steel hawser. Would it stand the mighty strain?

Suddenly, just after a sickening plunge of our bows into a huge billow, and without an instant's warning, a loud report rent the air, and all on board knew at once that the cable had parted. There was another one on board, but in the sea then running, it would be impossible to pass it between the two ships. The *Devonshire* hove to immediately, and we on the *Hungaria* waited anxiously to see what she would do. Perhaps she would lay by us until the gale moderated, and then pick us up again. Again the tiny signal-flags flamed from our rigging, and at length came the ominous response:

"We are short of coal, will report you!"

A volume of murky smoke belched from her funnel, and her screw could be seen churning the water as she steamed away in the gathering darkness.

If our condition was not quite so serious as before, it was appalling enough. We were still three hundred miles from Cape Clear, the nearest point on the Irish coast, and a gale of wind thundering in our ears with wintry fierceness; a furious sea was running, tossing our maimed and unmanageable ship on its crests like a toy. All that dreadful Tuesday night we spent in the saloon, listening to the booming of the gale, not daring to remove our clothes, and too apprehensive to sleep.

But at daybreak on Wednesday a sudden shift of wind to the south of west enabled Captain Burton to set every inch of canvas that would draw, and head-on a true course for the Channel, and we soon saw that under favoring conditions the *Hungaria* could make fair speed.

"If this breeze holds, we'll land you in Queenstown before the week's out," said the captain cheerily. And, as though to make up for our previous buffetings, the glorious gale did hold out, and at Friday noon the welcome cry, "Land, ho!" set us all to craning our necks and straining our eyes, though it was a full hour ere the purple headland of Cape Clear could be made out from the deck. We knew that our crippled condition would be seen and flashed by telegraph to Queenstown, and that ere many hours had passed a couple of powerful towboats would be tugging at our hawser. And so it proved. At daylight on Saturday we picked up a pilot, and by eight o'clock two staunch ocean tugs hove in sight, and their paddles were soon whitening the waters under our bows.

Off the mouth of Cork Harbor a tender appeared to take off such of the passengers as preferred to finish the journey to Liverpool by rail through Ireland, and by boat from Dublin to Holyhead, the *Hungaria* continuing in tow to Liverpool. Many of us gladly availed ourselves of the chance; yet, as we left her side, it was with a feeling of genuine regret at parting with the noble fabric that had made such a gallant fight against wind, wave and weather.

◆◆◆

IMMIGRANTS.

It was on a ferry-boat. A young man and a young woman sat side by side, and close to each other. They looked into each other's eyes—into eyes that drank in and spoke back the language of love. They were immigrants. It was plain to be seen that they had started out upon life in the New World together, hand in hand, and with heart joined to heart. A few small parcels composed her earthly goods. He spread out on the adjoining seat an old newspaper, and wrapped them carefully in it; then speaking to her tenderly, they set out together on the long road where youth and love light up the future.

It was just as poetical as Longfellow's long and sad semi-centennial production, and far more cheerful. If the fable were true that the dying swan's notes are her sweetest, it would yet hold good that notes less sweet but more enlivening might be preferable. We had just finished Longfellow when our eyes fell upon this couple, poor but loving, youthful and robust, and the sight afforded rather a pleasant relief.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

It is not wise for the amateur photographer to depend upon getting his printing done by somebody else. It is expensive and in many cases unsatisfactory. Besides, it takes away the sense of personal achievement, that is, or should be, the enthusiast's greatest delight. The printing-outfit need not be at all expensive, unless one chooses to invest in the regular printing-frames that are described in the dealers' catalogue. It is generally supposed that the rank and file of amateur photographers have more artistic sense and tact than money, and to this class the little economies of this pleasant occupation are well worth while.

To make a perfectly satisfactory and convenient printing-frame, some odd bits of felt, thick woolen goods or canton flannel are necessary. Take an ordinary glass plate the size of those used in the camera, and by this cut out pieces of heavy cardboard. The ordinary straw-board found in the stores answers admirably, or pieces of heavy pasteboard boxes will do. Sections of a pine shingle will answer where pasteboard is not at hand.

Cut the pieces exactly the size of the glass, then cut them precisely in half; take a strip of material, and fold one end of it around one of the pieces of cardboard so that the folded-over portion shall lap back onto the strip for about an inch to an inch and a half. With a needle and strong thread fasten these together with long stitches, then put another piece of the cardboard on the strip of material so that the edge exactly meets the covered-up edge of the other piece where the stitches are; now fold the loose end over to the middle. This will entirely cover the two pieces of board and should leave a loose end long enough to go around the two sections the second time; then sew through again. When this is done, you will have what is equivalent to two leaves of a book with a perfect hinged back, the hinge being made by the cloth and held in place by the basting stitches between the two sections of board. Now over-sew the edges all around, having trimmed the material so as to leave just margin enough to hold the threads firmly. When finished, this booklet-shaped pad is the merest trifle larger than the negative plate. A piece of thick woolen cloth or felt (very dark in color is desirable) may be cut the size of the pad and always kept with it as a part of the equipment.

The photographic dealer will supply clips at twenty-five cents a dozen; four of these are needed for one negative, one at each corner. All told, if one has the material, and something that will answer the purpose may be found in abundance in every household, the actual cash expenditure for a printing-frame is eight cents, the price of the four clips. The old-fashioned A-shaped clothes-pin with the spring in the middle is nearly as good as the photograph clip, and at a much less cost, but these seem somewhat difficult to find.

In printing, it is well to have the bit of cloth as an intermediate between the upper and the hinged pad. While this is not absolutely necessary, it is a precaution to shut out any possible ray of light that might creep in. Those who have used these simple pads like them very much. The springs in the ordinary printing-frame are so stiff that delicate hands sometimes find them hard to manage; besides one may have a dozen pads for the price of one frame, which in itself is an effective argument in favor of the home-made sort.

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A FOOL'S JUDGMENT.

The following story has been variously set down and credited to various false sources. It was told originally by Rabelais, more than three and a half centuries ago.

In Paris, at a roast-meat cookery of the Petit-Chastelet, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread and at the same time sniffing the reek and steam from a fat goose which was being turned on a spit before a great fire, thereby gaining savory accompaniment to his dry ration.

He eat very slowly, that he might enjoy the reeking, smoking savor as long as possible, and when his penny loaf had been consumed he attempted to depart. But the cook was not of that mind. The master of the shop laid hold upon him by the gorget, demanding pay for the smoke and steam of the roast goose. The porter demurred. The cook claimed that a portion of the meal had clearly been made from the savor snuffed up and swallowed.

It chanced, while the discussion was going on, that Seyny Jean, the fool, entered the shop, and the matter was referred to him.

"Wilt submit to the judgment of this good citizen?" asked the cook.

"Aye, by the blood of the goose, that I will," answered the porter.

The story was then told and the case argued. The fool listened attentively, and in the end he asked the porter to let him take two pieces of his money. The poor man drew from his fob two pieces of copper. Seyny Jean took them and jingled them awhile between his two hands, and then gave them back whence he had received them. Then to the cook he said:

"The porter did smell of thy goose and thou hast heard the jingle of his money. Thou hast thy goose intact, he hath his money, as seemeth to me right and proper; and now this court doth decree, further, that every one go about his own business, lest we have too many fools among us."

A story somewhat similar to this appears in the "Arabian Nights."

◆

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◆

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The Pullman Company sends to the World's Fair eight cars, each named for some event connected with the life of Columbus. For instance: the dining-car, furnished in vermilion wood richly carved to imitate grapes and other fruits, and with upholstery of a pretty greenish leather, is called La Rabida, for the monastery where the discouraged Columbus begged bread for his child. The smoking car Marchena has a handsome barber's shop and a bathroom with a great porcelain-lined bathtub, and the washstands are of Mexican onyx. The Isabella is an observation-car, richly finished. The Santa Maria is a parlor-car with large bay windows, green-and-gold ceiling and a stateroom in ivory and gold fit for a queen. The walls are hung with embossed silk, pink, yellow or blue. Who wouldn't go a-travelling with such luxuries to beguile the weariness of a long journey?

◆

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◆

—At the World's Fair may be seen a little sleigh extremely dainty in color and design, representing a cluster and garland of white pond-lilies with faint pink and green leaves, from which arises the white body of the little sleigh with its rich white fur robes and its front of glass.

◆

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From either Chicago or St. Louis is the *Burlington Route.* Takes you via Denver, Colorado Springs, Leadville, Salt Lake and Ogden. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair-cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining-cars. —*Adv.*

◆

—So extensive and rich is the property of the railroads of to-day, that it is said that the world's entire stock of money, gold, silver and paper, would not suffice to purchase more than one-third of it.

◆

CRESSON SPRINGS ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad announces that all through trains will stop, until further notice, at Cresson, on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains. This will afford passengers to and from the World's Fair an opportunity to break the journey and enjoy a few days at this delightful resort. —*Adv.*

◆

—Men digging a well at Live Oak, Fla., found, about ten feet below the surface of the ground, a tree that was petrified only on the outside. The trunk was split open and the inside was found to be filled with honey, which had been shut up in the tree for many years.

◆

WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR THE OLD GENT.

Have kept and sold Hires' Rootbeer several years. I have drunk it exclusively this summer. Am 78 years old and feel like a boy. It is ahead of sarsaparilla.

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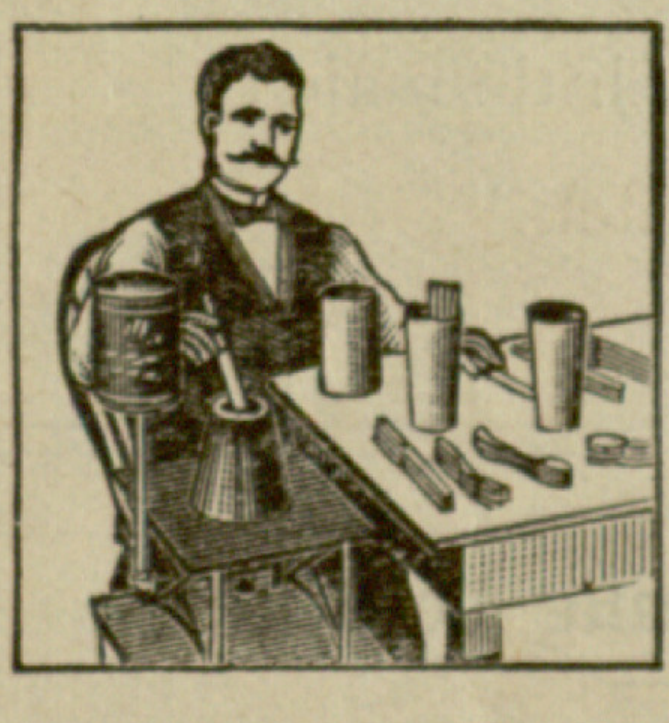

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—There are many who care very little about their own children.

—Choice is more often determined by accident than by reason.

BURDENS.—Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life.

—He who attempts to do all will waste his life in doing little.

—Nothing is little to him that feels it with great sensibility.

—No man can be happy by the prescriptions of another.

◆

TWO BOATS.

Two boats, very unlike each other, are of especial interest to visitors at the World's Fair. One is a clumsy, plain, heavy old rowboat, with its green paint quite worn, and no suggestion of the smartness and freshness seen in its fine neighbor. In that boat, many years ago, a brave young English girl and her brave father ventured out, in the teeth of a raging storm, and saved nine human lives that would otherwise have met death by shipwreck. So the Grace Darling boat, in its rusty dress, is looked at by all visitors, who pay a silent tribute to the heroism which it represents.

◆

—Japanese children write with both "fists."

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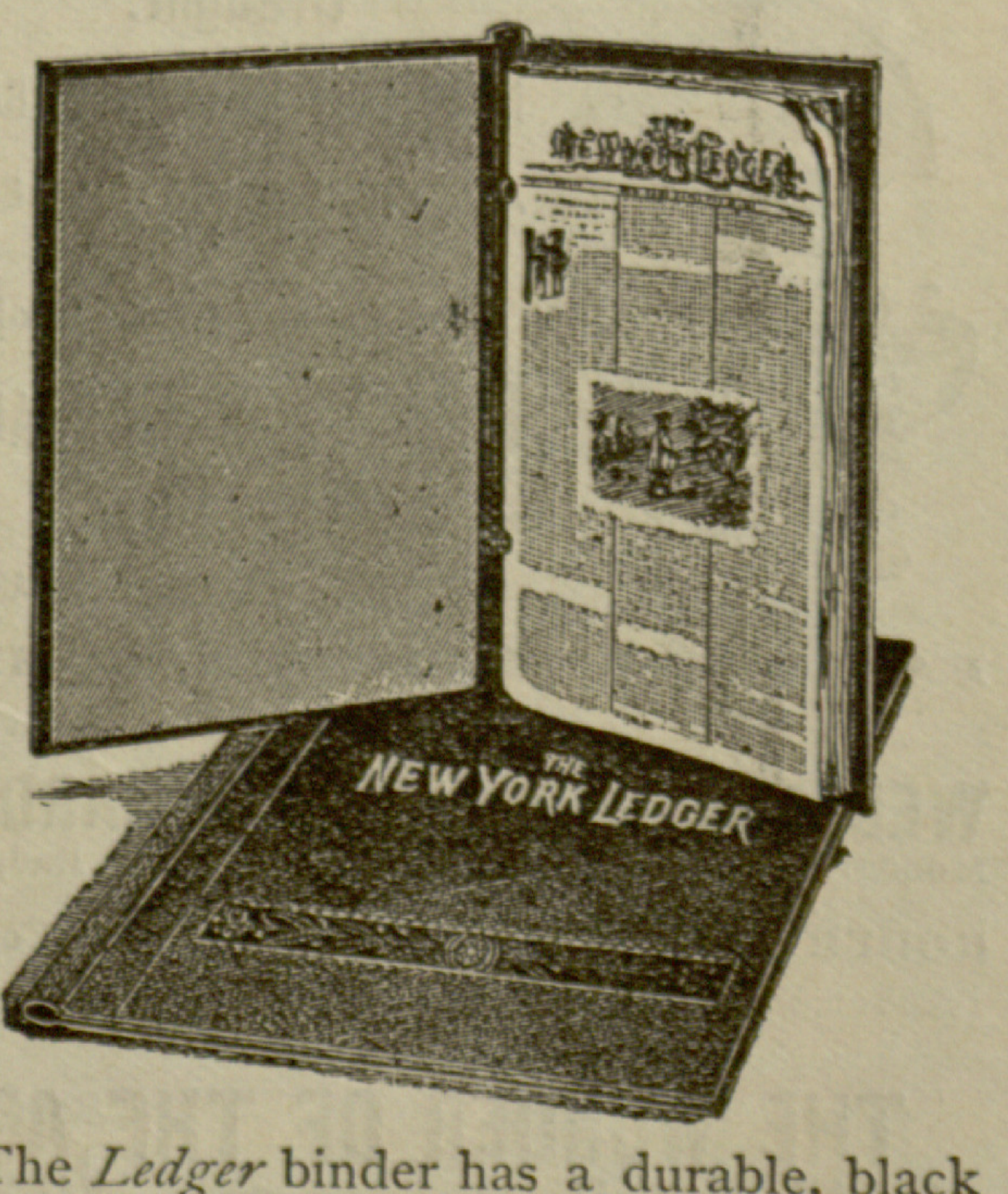

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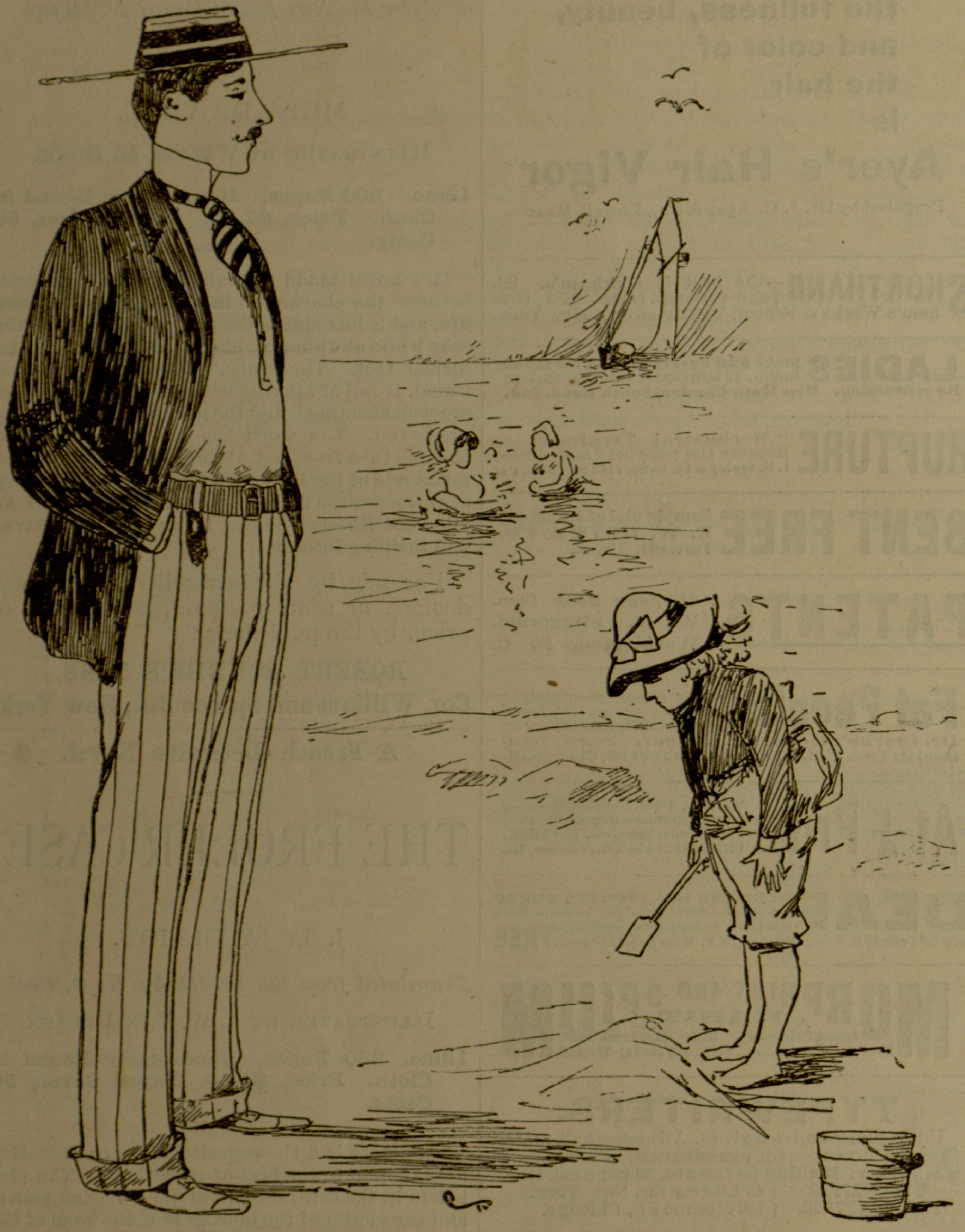

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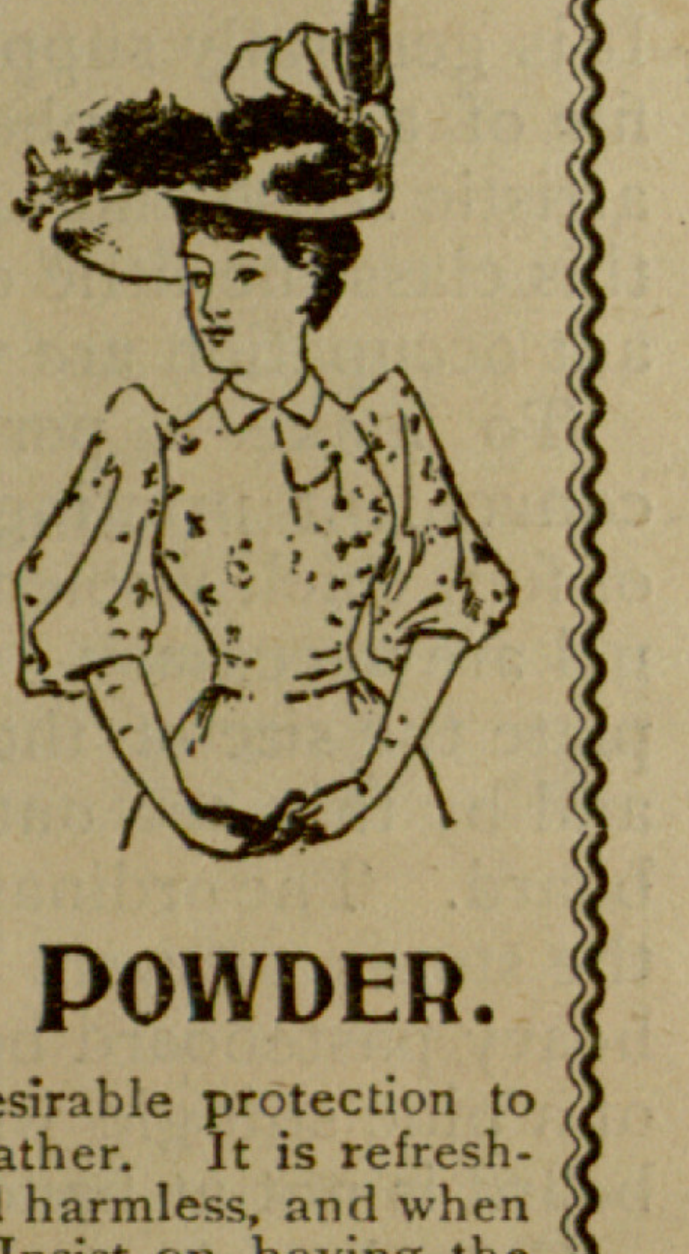

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